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A record by reminiscence and picture of the plays that have taken place and the pageant customs that have developed upon the campus of the University of California. Published by the English Club.

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GENESIS OF THE GREEK THEATER

GENESIS OF THE GREEK THEATER

When the Class of '94 reached the last term of their senior year, the manner of observing class day became a matter of considerable moment, for there were many in the class who desired to break away from the traditional observance and institute what they believed to be a more pleasing ceremony. Before this time the celebrations were held in Coed Canyon, a little distance east of the Agricultural Building. The program consisted of a class history, a class poem, a prophecy, and a dispensation. These were as a usual rule very amusing to those who were intimately acquainted with the members of the class, but there was little of real interest for the invited guests, since an appreciation of the humor was in a large measure dependent upon a knowledge of the goings and comings and various escapades of the graduates.

The dispensation was made as ludicrous as possible and was the only feature of the exercises that was the least dramatic. The dispensator, who usually appeared in some comical garb, was given full swing, and strove to present to each member of the class something indicative of that student's peculiarities or shortcomings. I remember to have seen a set of boxing gloves given to one student who had shown a very pugnacious spirit during his college life; another had the mask of a donkey's head placed over his own, and one who had paid particular attention to the military department was given a toy sword. In presenting these gifts the dispensator enlarged upon the salient characteristics of his victim and offered such advice as he saw fit—usually humorous or satirical. Such, in brief, were the class day exercises of old—very simple, and, to those on the inside, very amusing.

But the Class of '94 had in mind the presentation of a spectacular performance in which all the class should take part in costume. For this purpose the old place was ill adapted. It was not large

enough, and only those in favored position were able to hear and see with any degree of comfort. The necessity of finding a better place was evident, and I started out to do so. Fortune led me to the spot on which the Greek Theater now stands.

Within a few days Robert Mann, a classmate, visited the place with me. We tested its acoustic properties and found them excellent, and we were sure that everybody in the audience would be able to see the play. So we reported the matter to the class and invited them to visit the spot. They did so, and looked it over carefully. The only objection offered was that to reach it required too long a walk. But this was overruled, for every one was heartily pleased with the place. At the next meeting, which occurred in what was then Professor Bacon's room in North Hall, Robert Mann, in a somewhat jocose vein, moved that the exercises be held in the place and that it be called Ben Weed's Amphitheater, and the motion carried.

The play which we presented was a composite, many members of the class having a hand in the making of it; but those who had it more directly in charge were Maida Castlehoun, Jessica Peixotto, Ed Wilder, Gelett Burgess, who was at that time an instructor in the University, and Frank Norris.

The play was based on the German Vehmegerichte, the secret courts that flourished in Germany in the Middle Ages. This framework gave abundant opportunity to present the incidents of our college life and initiate into our mysterious rites and privileges the candidates from the Class of '95. For the purposes of the court it was necessary to have an altar; so, permission having been obtained, we cut down a large eucalyptus tree which was in the way in the center of the amphitheater, and used the stump for an altar, and fashioned the trunk and branches into a dais for the dignitaries of the court.

At last everything was in readiness and the day came. Will Denman was master of ceremonies, the Altargraf. Our class, costumed in brown gowns and cowls, and chanting a dirge, wound slowly through the trees toward the court. Upon our approach

the Altargraf challenged with "What says '94?" and so we answered with our class motto, "Carpe Diem," and moving on, still chanting, we reached the smoking altar, and the Vehmegerichte of '94 was assembled.

There is no need to tell of the court procedure and the initiation—the minutiæ of the performance. Everything was excellently conceived and executed, and I am sure that all who saw the Vehmegerichte felt that it came up to the sounding phrases of the proclamation.

Subsequent classes, with one exception, have presented something of a similar nature, so it may fairly be said that '94 established the custom of observing class day as it is observed at the present time.

In reviewing these events the following points seem to me to stand out clearly: The selection of the site was fortunate. As the sequel has proved, the change in the manner of observing the day was a happy one. But the most fortunate, the happiest feature of all, was that opportunity and inspiration were given for the building of the Greek Theater. BENJAMIN WEED.

VEHMEGERICHT

VEHMEGERICHT

OPENING CEREMONIES AND RITUAL.

The class having assembled in the old Mechanics' Building, they shall divide as follows: Half of the Echevins shall march around the Chemical Building and take position on the road about 500 feet south of the altar. The Altargraf, Frohuboten, Freischopfen, and musicians shall make a detour and wait at the tank east of the altar, and the Stuhlherr, Freigraf, and Witan shall pass through the yard and wait in the grove west of the altar.

The Altargraf shall enter by the tank road (behind audience) and march to the altar. The Frohuboten, Freischopfen, and musicians shall follow him after a short interval, marching two and two. They shall halt at entrance to altar, salute the Freigraf, who shall direct the Freischopfen to place and guard the banners, and then shall post the guards at north and south, outpost and inpost.

The north and south bands of Echevins shall then be hailed and admitted, following this form:

North Outpost—What ho, without! Halt and stand fast. [*To inpost*] Alarm at the outer post.

North Inpost—Alarm at the outer post.

Altargraf—Who comes?

North Band of Echevins—'Ninety-four.

Altargraf—What says '94?

North Band of Echevins—Carpe Diem.

North Outpost—Carpe Diem.

North Inpost—Carpe Diem.

Enter 'Ninety-four.

[*Both bands of Echevins shall then advance, led by leaders, singing marching chorus, "Berkeley College."*]

CHORUS OF ECHEVINS.

North— I.

The day is here and we appear, obedient to the call
That bids us meet at judgment seat as loyal Echevins all;
Assembling now with sacred vow for one reunion more
Of the brethren of the order of the Class of '94.

South— I.

Of the Class of '94, my friends, the Class of '94,
There never'll be one as great again, there never was one before;
And all shall know where'er we go, as all have known of yore,
Oh, *we're* a jolly good crowd, for we're the Class of '94.

North— II.

No more as verdant Freshmen burdened down with load of care,
No more as jolly Soph, with folly, blithe and debonair;
As Juniors gay we've had our day, the end has come at last;
Our Senior pride is laid aside, our college days are past.

South— II.

Our college days are past, my friends, our college days are past.
A class like ours can fill the hours with joy too great to last;
And in our ranks we have no cranks, no rascal, fool, or bore,
For they knew 'twould be wrong to try to belong to the Class of '94.

[*Having entered and saluted standards, the class take their places at opposite sides ready for seating and repeat their first verse.*

The Echevins shall stand before their seats while the two outposts meet and escort the Witan, who shall approach through the grove, singing to air, "Pope and Sultan."]

CHORUS OF WITAN.

I.

Witan—
With mystic rite and solemn vow
Approach the sacred altar now,
To try offenders all before
The glorious Class of '94.

Freigraf—Beware

Witan— the vengeance of the Vehme
When we our judgment dread proclaim.

II.

Now dare not try to fool the Vehme,
For we will cinch you all the same;
But tremble ye who dare provoke
Our awful wrath—it is no joke.

[*They shall be met by Altargraf and repeat the first verse before the altar, then take places at seats, all standing, the Frohuboten filling opening between seats, then shall ensue the following, to air, "We Are Little Freshmen"—slowly:*]

Altargraf—Long live our Alma Mater, as loved as heretofore!

Stuhlherr and Altargraf—Long live the Holy Vehme and the Class of '94!

[*Stuhlherr and Altargraf shall then be seated. The Altargraf shall address similarly the Witan and Echevins, each replying as above and then taking their seats.*]

Freigraf—Most noble Graf, are all assembled for this Holy Vehme?

Altargraf—All are assembled and disposed in proper places—Echevins and Witan all, brethren and Judges of this class and Vehme, the standard set, the altar is prepared.

Freigraf—Have all been tried by sign and countersign?

Altargraf—All have been tried, the password given, and closest scrutiny hath found no interlopers rash enough to spy upon the mysteries of our rites.

Freigraf—Have sentinels been set and close instructions been given?

Altargraf—Frohuboten have been placed at post and outpost to the north, south, east, and west, with word to strike and slay should any dare to profane the sacred precincts of the Vehme.

Freigraf—Bring, then, the sacred fire.

[*Altargraf deposits sword and shield before altar and with Frohuboten brings in the fire and places it on the altar. Music.*]

Freigraf—Now, brethren all, I charge thee, solemnly rehearse the oath of secrecy of our ancient order as I repeat:

Swear ye by the name of the most puissant Class of '94 to closely keep and watchfully to guard the heavy secrets of this mysterious tribunal forevermore, as long as North Hall shall stand and the alcoves of the library be inhabited?

Altargraf—Swear. [*Lifts sword.*]

All—We swear.

Freigraf—Swear ye never to disclose the proceedings of this most holy judicature, neither to father, mother, mother-in-law, sister, nor brother; neither to wife, son, daughter, or step-daughter; neither to Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, Alumnus, nor Co-ed; neither to Jimmie nor Doctor Bonte nor to the President nor the Board of Regents nor to the Governor nor to the Football Manager?

Altargraf—Swear. [*Lifts sword.*]

All—We swear.

Freigraf—Swear ye never to publish in any form whatsoever what ye shall here see or hear, neither to the Chronicle, Call, nor Examiner, Post, Bulletin, nor Report, the Argonaut, News Letter, Wasp, World, Wave, Occident, Berkeleyan, nor Arthur McEwen's Letter; that you will neither grave it in stone nor upon the hillside nor upon Goat Island; neither write it upon the Bulletin Board, nor in the Co-op., nor paint it upon the backstop?

Altargraf—Swear.

All—We swear.

Freigraf—Swear ye that if any of ye be rash enough to violate this solemn oath either by word of speech or by figure, metaphor, simile, by sign or symbol or cipher, that he shall be exposed to the most dreadful vengeance of the Vehme; that he shall be forced to drill overtime; that he shall have his name unmentioned in the Blue and Gold, and be forced to attend all Faculty recep-

tions and to wear red ribbons at every football game, to join the Co-op., and to listen to the band?

Altargraf—Swear.

All—We swear.

Freigraf—Now, once again I charge thee all to rise and swear again allegiance to this class and Vehme. [*Echevins rise.*]

Freigraf—Swear ye blind and undying devotion to this majestic order as long as life shall last and college yells shall strike with terror our hereditary foes. Swear ye most heartily to uphold the glory of this Class of '94 and stand ever ready to prove upon thy body its most marvelous fame as greatest, best, and wisest, most wonderfully endowed, both mentally and physically and co-educationally, the very flower of this illustrious University of California, conserving in itself the most glorious type of strength, grace, and beauty ever seen or to be seen in the campus of our forebears, and that its undying fame shall be handed down to Freshmen and sub-Freshmen to the seventh generation?

Altargraf—Swear.

Echevins—We swear.

Freigraf—What is the doom of him who dares betray the sacred oath?

Altargraf—Death.

Freigraf—Is there no doom more terrible? What torture shall prolong excruciating days for him who shall forswear the vow? To what remote, vile, and intolerable place shall he be sent?

All—Stanford.

TRIAL.

[*After some music, the Freigraf rises and speaks:*]

Again we have assembled 'midst the whispering eucalypti of Ben Weed's Amphitheater. Again we have ta'en our oath of sacred allegiance, binding us close to the Occident Fraternity or the Co-op.'s Managers. Again we have repeated our solemn ritual. Brethren, and sisters too, Eds and Co-eds, it is now fitting that those who since our last meeting have profaned our sacred order shall be purified by penance according to the law as it is written. Let those who have cognizance that any one has sinned now speak, or forevermore keep silence.

Wolf—Let George H. Boke be called.

Freigraf—Brother Boke, arise and remove your mask.

Wolf—I charge our Brother Boke that he has hidden his light under a bushel, of striving to become "the Apostle of Sleep," of prescribing unto himself, and taking in public, the "Rest Cure." He is further accused of grand larceny in attempting to steal from our brother, Maurice Samuels, the title of the "Natural Gas King," which properly appertaineth to the latter; and from our brother, Blum, the title of "Shrinking Daisy," which properly appertaineth to him. Witan, I call upon you, is the accused guilty as charged?

Witan [*all*]—Guilty as charged.

Wolf—Therefore do I pronounce judgment upon you, Brother Boke, to take pattern by our great Brother Norris, even like him, to come to recitations fresh and wideawake, never to yawn in class—not e'en in Browning class nor Astronomy. Further do we order you to learn to bluff like our Brother Wilder, or our Sisters Peixotto, Gray, and Castelhun, and ne'er to shrink from publicity, like our too modest Brother Blum, or mighty Denman. Further, to cure this defect of too great shyness, do we order you to take a course of six months with our beloved instructor, Mr. Henshaw, to be supplemented by a year at Stanford.

Freigraf—Our Brother Wolf has spoken well. Let the judgment be as he has spoken. Brother Boke, you may resume your seat.

Do any of this Witan know of any offenders against our sacred order who have not thus far been accused? If so, let him speak, or for a year more keep silent. [*Silence.*] No one speaks. You are all silent. Then I declare the trial of offenders against our sacred order at an end. Amen!

Witan [*echo*]—Amen!

[*Denman walks up to the altar, crosses himself, turns, and stretches out both hands to horizon on right, then same on left, then turns and stretches out both hands to audience, and goes back to place.*]

Freigraf [*turning to the Stuhlherr*]—What stands next in the business of this our Holy Vehme?

Stuhlherr—The raising of worthy brethren to high and glorious degrees.

Witan [*all*]—So let it be.

Freigraf—As heretofore in days of old, our ancient order has from time to time with grave and mystic ritual solemnly rewarded those whose conduct and whose lofty loyalty hath in the year most highly striven to uphold and advance all things spiritual and temporal, the most actual glory of this our stately order, and forasmuch as in this year a more puissant luster hath accrued to the name and fame of this tribunal, rendering us one and all most heartily triumphant in all the varied duties appertaining to this dignified and majestic body, it seems most fitting that the principal and most faithful agents contributing to this illustrious and victorious end be publicly recognized and honored for their high service and most virtuous devotion.

Now, therefore, I, Freigraf of this most holy Vehme, Chief of the dread and secret tribunal of its Witan, do declare this lodge and order now prepared and ready for the impressive duty of conferring upon certain of our brethren the orders and degrees vouchsafed to them by the solemn verdict of the secret tribunal of the Witan.

Echevins and brethren all, I do most solemnly charge thee to silently witness the profound ceremonies of this dread ritual, and to reverently bear in thy memory its most secret mysteries, that in future ye shall so bear yourselves as to merit this most honorable distinction.

The time has come. I charge thee to summon before the Holy altar of the Vehme those whose names have been chosen by the Secret Council, and there administer the ritual that has been ordained. Has the Grand Inquisitor performed his office?

[*Grand Inquisitor and Great Unknown come down and take positions, one on each side of altar on a line with it, about fifteen feet from it, and facing each other.*]

Grand Inquisitor—He has.

Great Unknown—Let next our Brother Golinsky be brought before us.

[*Guards bring Golinsky down to the altar as before. The Great Unknown speaks to the Grand Inquisitor.*]

Great Unknown—Brother Grand Inquisitor, has the candidate been instructed and prepared for the honor that awaits him?

Grand Inquisitor—He has.

Great Unknown—Then say I unto you, Brother Golinsky, that for four long years has this, the holy Vehme, kept watch upon you. Yea, for four long years has the eye of the secret Vehme and its servant been upon you, my son, and never during all that time has it found you guilty of doing one earthly thing except play baseball. Never have you been so weak as to attend recitations. Your career has been characterized by a gay yet lofty scorn of such minor details of college life. Therefore do I, by virtue of the secret office vested in me, bestow upon you, to have and to hold through all future years, in summer and in winter, by night and by day, on land and on sea, on the baseball field and in the counting-room, the degree of "Past Grand Master of the Unemployed." Brother Grand Inquisitor, has my Brother Golinsky been instructed as to password and symbols of his degree?

Grand Inquisitor—He has.

Great Unknown—Then you may pass, Brother Golinsky. As you have done or not done in the past, so let it be in the future.

Witan [*echo*]—So let it be.

[*Denman salutes, and escorts initiate to his seat, and returns to place as before.*]

Freigraf—Are there any more degrees to be conferred?

Grand Inquisitor—Most worthy Freigraf, it is thought best that upon some one whom we delight to honor, all our remaining degrees be conferred at once.

Freigraf—Whom have you chosen this time to honor?

Great Unknown—We have chosen Brother Wolf.

Freigraf—What is the degree which you are about to bestow?

Great Unknown—We will bestow upon Brother Wolf the degree of Grand Everything Else.

Freigraf—Brethren, perform your office.

[*The guards bring candidate before altar and retire to place.*]

Freigraf—Brethren, this is a solemn occasion. Never before have the united degrees been given since the world was. Never before was there a Brother Wolf. We will confer the degrees in silence. [*To Wolf*] Brother, kneel! Witan, rise!

[*Freigraf stretches out his hands over altar. Great Unknown and Grand Inquisitor approach and unite hands in an arch over Wolf, kneeling. Witan waves hands to right, both at once; to left, then stretches them out over head of Freigraf. Denman kneels about forty feet behind. Sudden thump on bass drum, all hands let fall.*]

Freigraf—Amen!

Great Unknown—Amen!

Grand Inquisitor—Amen!

Denman—Amen!

[*Great Unknown and Grand Inquisitor raise Wolf and escort him to seat, then stand together before altar, facing Freigraf. Denman has returned to place in the meantime.*]

Freigraf—It is finished.

Great Unknown and Grand Inquisitor [*in unison*]—It is finished. [*Bow and take their seats again on Witan bench.*]

INITIATION.

[*University yell is heard without, given by candidates '95.*]

Outposts and Inposts—Alarm at the outer post.

Altargraf—Who comes?

Candidates—'Ninety-five.

Altargraf—What says '95?

Candidates—Either find a way or make one.

Outposts and Inposts—Either find a way or make one.

Stuhlherr—Most worthy Graf, what means this most unseemly interruption to our solemn ceremonies?

Altargraf—Most lordly Stuhlherr, in the west a band of four do beseech the right of entrance to our holy Vehme.

Stuhlherr—Have they the sign and word of initiate Echevins? If so, admit them to the Vehme. If not, slay them, and spare them not.

To the Moſt Worſhipful Brethren of the

Vehme Gericht of '94

in this Univerſity of California.

GREETING: +

Whereas in ancient days in far Weſtphalia this our dread Judicature hath from time to time aſſembled in moſt ſolemn Conclave / to privily adminiſter the righteous Juſtice decreed by our Moſt Holy Vehme / extending over the Red Lands the protecting might of our ſovereign and benignant Laws / to the eternal fear and wholeſome reſtraint of the Uninitiate / and to the tranſcendant glory of our Secret Council: + + + + + + +

And Whereas the preſent time hath right heavily augmented our ſacred Jurisdiction / by cauſe of momentous changes in our loyal Body / that have accrued during the paſt years / binding us moſt wholly and heartily to this thrice puiſſant Claſs of Ninety-Four / whoſe affairs of greateſt import do at this time inſeparably concern us / + + +

Now therefore I / Stuhlherr of this moſt holy Vehme Gericht of '94 / and Preſident of the Secret Council of the Witan / do of my right and obligation hereby proclaim a + + + + + + + + +

• • • • Hoch Offenbare Ding • • • •

to be held on Saturday, the Twelfth of May M. D. CCC. xc. iiij / in Berkeley before our ſacred Altar / + + + + + + + + + + + + +

and I do moſt ſolemnly ſummon the loyal Brethren of the Vehme / one and all / there to appear upon peril of the utmoſt penalty of their oath / to unite to carry out their ſworn duties as initiate Echevins / namely to rehearſe the ancient Ritual of our Order / to renew their oath of allegiance / to bring before the high and dread Tribunal all offenders againſt this Claſs and Vehme / to aſſiſt in conferring its Degrees upon ſuch as have moſt ſignally merited the recognition of the Witan / and to initiate into our myſterious rites and privileges the candidates from the Claſs of '95. + + + + + +

Laſtly I charge our Brethren all moſt loyally to cheriſh and valiantly to guard the ſecrecy of this Proclamation / upon pain of the moſt horrid vengeance of the Council. + + + + + +

Given this first day of May M. D. CCC. xc. iiij.

Altargraf—My lord, they have the sign, but not the word.

Stuhlherr—Most worthy Freigraf, how can this be?

Freigraf—My lord, I know not. [*To Witan*] Most worthy Witan, know any one of you what means this strange disturbance at the outer post? If so, let him now speak.

Hermann [*rising*]—Most worthy Freigraf and O, lordly Stuhlherr, this alarm comes from certain members of the Class of '95, desiring entrance to this holy Vehme. Thus, they know the sign of the University, but not yet the word of this Vehme. And as to my certain knowledge, these are all fit candidates for union with this most holy Vehme, and since the members of this tribunal must soon disperse, no more to unite in council in this place, it seems fitting that we should now initiate the neophytes into the mysterious rites and privileges of this order, and invest them with the full dignity of seniors of this University, assigning to their good keeping our sacred fire and sacred symbols of our office, that the glory of our holy Vehme be not allowed to pass away from this place, and that it may be handed down from class to class while this University stands.

Stuhlherr—What say ye, Witan all? Shall this be done and these candidates allowed entrance?

Witan—Aye.

Stuhlherr—Most worthy Altargraf, bring, then, to our sacred altar the candidates who await without, and most worthy Freigraf, take two Witan and duly examine them and confirm them now before this class.

[*Altargraf and Frohuboten join candidates and escort them to the Freigraf rail. Frohuboten retire.*]

Freigraf—Brethren, whence come ye?

Candidates—From the Class of '95.

Freigraf—Bear ye credentials from that class, duly naming you as their chosen representatives? If so, deliver them. [*Candidates deliver scrolls.*]

Elsie Blumer—Do you of your own free will choose to undergo examination and initiation into this Vehme herewith? [*Same to each in turn.*]

Candidate [*each in turn*]—I do.

Freigraf—Most worthy Graf, unmask these candidates, and conduct them before our sacred altar. [*This is done and they are joined by Freigraf and two Witan.*]

Freigraf—Members of the Junior Class, ye come before us today as humble and unworthy seekers of the great, the solemn, the severe, the multitudinous, the high, the noble, the exclusive office of Seniors, and, with a graciousness born of our exalted rank, we have decreed our willingness to receive and consider your petition for initiation into our mighty mysteries. It behooves you to answer without reservation or without prevarication what shall now be asked you, and to swear the oath that we shall dictate, so help you Doctor Bonte and the Board of Regents.

Hermann—Do you know of your certain knowledge that this, your Class of '95, is worthy and able and willing to keep up all the mysteries, rites, privileges, and duties incumbent upon the position of Seniors?

Candidates—Aye.

Hermann—Is it like the Class of '94, the largest, greatest, best, and brightest class that ever trod this ground? Has it the bravest cadets and the fairest Co-eds? Has it always been triumphant both at its own Bourdon and at its next-door neighbor's? Has it had more fun to the square inch, and done less work to the cubic yard, than any other class? Has it had more rushes, football players, won more relays, painted the most and largest figures on the backstop and on Grizzly? Has it had the largest class assessments?

Candidates—Aye.

Hermann—Have you consistently cut Putzker? Have you tackled Slate? Have you broken up Howison's interference? Have you beaten Armes's theme work and bucked the mathematical center? Have you run around the French Department?

Candidates—Aye.

Hermann—Have the whispers of your Co-eds reached even to the nerve centers of the Assistant Librarian? Have you learned the mysteries of alcove MM?

Candidates—Aye.

Hermann—Have you subscribed to either or both of the college journals out of pure college spirit? Did you pay $1 for the Alumni Barmecide Banquet? Have you ever joined the band?

Candidates—No.

Hermann—Are you in favor of the union of modern languages and culinary science, and of the Faculty lunchers blowing smoke of 5-cent cigars into the Ladies' Room? Would you join the dormitory if you had clamored for its erection? Were you ever introduced to a student of your own or any other class at a Faculty reception?

Candidates—No.

Hermann—Freigraf, the candidates are duly prepared.

Miss Ballard—Kneel and swear as I tell ye. [*Candidates kneel.*] Swear ye to uphold the fair name and fame of this University where'er ye may be, and most particularly against that of Mr. Jordan's school at Palo; that you will do what in your power lies to augment its glory as Senior, Post-Graduate, Alumnus, Regent, or, most of all, as testator?

Candidates—We swear.

Miss Ballard—Swear ye to reverently receive and carefully to preserve without change every joke and gag (except some of those about Professor Armes) that our forebears have for twenty-five years accumulated. Swear ye that if you ever are in Boston you will act just as Mr. Henshaw does, that you may appear one of the elect of the earth. Swear ye that in the future time your Blue and Gold may recognize the existence of instructors in scientific departments which are now very ghosts?

Candidates—We swear.

Miss Ballard—Swear to read Kant without understanding, and understand Browning without reading. Swear to provide decent and fitting crown and scepter for your football manager—give Jimmy a wedding present. Swear ye that the old Mechanics' Building shall be kept forevermore as a Bluebeard's chamber, that no Co-ed durst enter therein?

Candidates—We swear.

Miss Ballard—Freigraf, the candidates are duly sworn.

Freigraf—Brethren, I bid thee rise as Echevins of this holy Vehme. [*They rise and are masked.*] And I charge thee most solemnly to carry out your awful oath to the last letter upon peril of your eternal soul. Our time has come to pass on higher things, so to you must fall all half-done duties and our half-ripe plans.

The vast task of proving to our sister university that we are the better, brainier, and brawnier is left unfinished; it is doubtful if they will ever be able to comprehend it. But rise, O '95, and continue the work! Many and manifold are thy coming duties. Have you ever been in debt? Bethink ye well of this. If not, our example shows that it is not yet too late to make the creditor shake in his shoes. If ye have, has the winsome Co-ed, queen of '95, levied tribute on your friends and followers to pay the obligation? Bethink ye well of this. The Co-ed ye have always with ye. Let not her one aim in life be to scoop the medal. Let her go forth and scoop the dollars.

[*Freigraf and Altargraf install candidates with robes of Echevins.*]

Stuhlherr—Brethren, the time has come; slowly and stealthily this moment has crept upon us, until now the hour has struck. Forever and forever we must leave the hallowed ground, these beloved scenes, to go we know not where, to do we know not what. This day is the culmination of all that for four years this home has meant to us. Today we are, and tomorrow it shall be as if we had not been. Brethren, the time has come! Class after class shall take our place as we have taken those of bygone days. So, as we would be remembered in the coming time, I conjure thee forget this heavy pain of parting in honoring today those ancient classes that have made for us this college as it is, and perhaps some few shall meet again before this sacred altar, and shall cry: "Long live the Class of '94!"

Altargraf [*chanting as before in opening ceremony*]—Long live our Alma Mater, beloved as heretofore!

Stuhlherr and Freigraf, then Witan, then Echevins—Long live the holy Vehme and the Class of '94!

[*Each descends and forms in procession, marching out to Echevin song, the candidates being presented with sword of Stuhlherr, wand of Freigraf, sword and shield of Altargraf, and U. C. banner of Freischopfen.*]

[*Exit in this order: Altargraf, Stuhlherr, Freigraf, Witan, Frohuboten (bearing fire from altar), Freischopfen, Echevins, Candidates.*]

DRAMATIC FESTIVAL

In sublime beauty, impressive dignity, and novel completeness, among the plays and pageants produced at the University of California, the dedication of the Greek Theater stands perhaps without a peer.

Under the clear blue sky of the afternoon of the twenty-fourth of September, 1903, every seat on the tiers of the konistra and on the tiers above the diazoma was occupied. Before this enormous, expectant assembly sat four men. There on the level space before the stage was the President, whose indefatigable energy and enthusiasm were forcing our University into its place among the great universities of the world. There was a man who, ten years before, had discovered the natural amphitheater into which the Greek Theater was built. There was the man whose generous heart had prompted him to donate to the University the funds which made a Greek Theater possible. And there was the man whose architectural skill and knowledge had so applied those funds as to render our Greek Theater a feature of the nation. These men—the President of the University, Mr. Ben Weed, Mr. William Randolph Hearst, and Professor John Galen Howard—were the speakers of the day. Sublimely impressive was it to see and hear the discoverer, the giver, and the maker in the Theater itself. Then first Californians felt the awe of ownership. The Greek Theater was finished! It was theirs!

The second part of the dedication was the curiously interesting, curiously beautiful, curiously impressive, curiously instructive spectacle of a classic Greek play. The students of the University presented scenes from *The Birds* of Aristophanes. A singing chorus of about forty students, with an orchestra, was concealed on the stage by a thick screen of evergreen trees. At the center of the screen stood an enormous nest filled with enormous eggs.

About the circumference of the level circle of the konistra was a band of thirty students costumed to represent various birds. The main action of the play was carried on within the circle, while the *birds* cocked their heads, hopped about, and flapped their wings in a manner unique and significant.

The stirring acting of William Alexander, Ivan Linforth, Barry Cerf, and Farnham Griffiths would have been effective in any language. The *birds* were a novel spectacle. The music composed by John Knowles Paine was truly inspiring. Many a member of the audience knew no word of Greek. Many had but scant knowledge of the barest plot of the play. Yet the audience sat spellbound unto the end.

THE EXTRAVAGANZA

ELEUSINIAN MYTH

Hearken, all ye good people, to the woes and the joys of Demeter, Goddess of Earth, how she suffered and again rejoiced for her fair daughter Persephone, loveliest of all maidens. Hear ye, and let your hearts be stirred!

For young-eyed Persephone dwelt in the flowery vale of Enna, abode of the Spring. And upon a day—O day, how sad for Earth!—there passed Aidoneus, serious-browed, and saw the maiden, and cast his spell upon her, all unwilling, and wooed her away to his home in Erebus, the realm of the unseen. For Zeus, the far-seeing, lent aid, and so it fell. Thereupon Demeter quitted high Olympus, and, heartsick with loneliness, mournfully wandered she over the Earth, seeking her own. But Helios, god of the Sun, looked on her with pitying, and his heart was moved that he shed his light into her darkness, and revealed to her the deed of Aidoneus. Sternly then spake Demeter, and commanded all that grew to wither, and forbade the soil to bring forth fruits, nor would she grant the least of her accustomed bounties to men. Then Zeus feared for his mortal children, and sent Hermes, with the Spring for companion, to bring back Persephone; and the all-wise Ruler passed this word: "If the maiden has partaken of no food in the house of Aidoneus, keeper of the treasure, so shall she return for all time to her mother Demeter, goddess of Earth." But lo!—a fateful thing—Earth's daughter had eaten of the seeds of the pomegranate in the house of Aidoneus, keeper of the treasure. Oh, deed of big consequence! Whence it was so ordered—at Eleusis, the trysting-place, was Persephone restored to her mother; but nevermore was she Earth's and Earth's alone; forevermore the maiden's soul cherished its vision of the wonder of another life, not Earth's; and evermore must she turn from Earth and go to dwell for her season where Earth could not enter nor claim her, in the realms of the unseen.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA

BY HUGH M. LOVE, JEWEL ALEXANDER, AND HERBERT T. MOORE.

This being the season at which Petitioners are wont to make their Annual Pilgrimage to the Shrine of the DRAGON FACULTY, his High Priest and Recordator, attended by Minions, draws near to wake the Dragon from his Contemplative Slumbers, and apprise him of the Approach of the Pilgrims. The Priests, clad in their Ceremonial Robes, advance—the Minions to the altar to burn Incense, the Chief Priest to the Philosophical Sanctum of the Dragon to gain Permission for an Audience for the Federated Tribes of Oskey-Wow, Province of Naughtyone. The Dragon consents through his Servant, the Chief Priest, to hold a Select Seance, at which Heralds from the Tribes of Naughtyone may appear and Discourse in his presence upon the Reasons why the Coveted Diplomas should be granted to their Respective Tribesmen. At the Summons of their First Consul, the Heralds step forth and Address the Dragon; but, forgetful of their Representative Office, they dwell only on their Own Glory—much to the Displeasure of the Dragon, who, with Ominous Frowns, disappears within his Sanctum. To restore Good Humor among the Heralds, the Court Jesters of the Consul come forward and Make Merry. As the result of the Deliberations of the Dragon, the Chief Priest announces His Dissatisfaction with the discourses of the Heralds, and that it is the Further Pleasure of His Dragonic Majesty that the Tribes appear in Person before the Shrine. Summoned by the Blast of the Clarion, they advance and Chant in turn of the Glory of Letters, of the Glory of Social Science, of the Glory of Mechanics, and so of the Tribal Glory of all the Tribes of Oskey-Wow, showing forth their Merit of the Diploma.

The Dragon is hereby somewhat Propitiated, but his Watchful Eye detects among them too many Signs of Frivolity. He again retires to Deliberate, and a Tribe with Bohemian Propensities, not Officially Recognized at Berkelei, and known as the Knockers'

Club, wanders in. With the reluctant permission of the Consul this Tribe Chants of its Knocking Abilities.

After much Thoughtful Consideration the Dragon causes his Decision to be announced, that to gain the Diploma and to be fitted to Roam the World beyond the Confines of Oskey-Wow, the Tribes must Sacrifice upon the Altar their Manifold Frivolities. At the Earnest Entreaty of their Consul the Petitioners bow to the Will of the Dragon, and Heap on the Altar the Instruments of their Vanities. To these the Chief Priest applies the Sacrificial Torch, and straightway by the Magic of the Dragon the Diploma appears. The Tribesmen then sing a Pæan in praise of the Diploma and further express their joy in a Dance of Triumph, after which all depart in Festal Procession, singing their Devotional Hymn, "All for the Sake of California."

ROBIN HOOD

His Mad Prankes and Merrie Jests.

BY LILA M'KINNE.

Once upon a time, a great while agoe, in y^{e} Berkeley forest, there was a good fellowe lived, who was Robin Hood, and with him his companions of 1902. On a time they had lived elsewhere, but they had been tormented by divers oppressors, so knavish that all did complaine of them. Of these y^{e} most churlish was y^{e} wicked Sutton of Southall. They strove against them all, but this helped little or nothing. So that they were constrayned to travail away. So they did goe to Berkeley Forest toe be free.

Of a day Robin and his good fellowes did set themselves to make merrie, howbeit they were tolde that y^{e} wicked Sutton of Southall was coming on that same day to drive them from y^{e} greenwoode. And soe they did sende men for y^{e} maydens, Mayde Marian, and all y^{e} maydens of 1902 to make merry with them.

Of that same day it was Robin's chance, some of his fellowes walking thorow ye woode should find a gallant knight, Sir Ben of Wheeler. Robin and his merrie men did make him welcome, and bade him joyn in ye merriement. And so they made him welcome.

And soon did come ye maydens, and they frolicked with Robin and his band; and so did they pass ye day in merriement, and Sir Ben of Wheeler did joyn in it all.

They all made merrie, till, of a sudden, ye wicked Sutton of Southall did come with his guard for to drive ye goode fellowes from ye forest. And he sayed: "Now will I cool your hot blood, Master Robin; you shall this day leave ye greenwoode."

Ye merrie men were in great terror of mind, but they were stayed by ye gallant knight, who spake to ye Sutton thus:

"If thou dost strive against this bande,
I vow to drive thee from this lande.

For I am notte Sir Ben of Wheeler, but Benjamin Ide, Kinge of ye Berkeley Forest. I have beheld ye harmless prankes of these goode folkes, and their mannie virtues. I have been beholden to them for kindly welcome. Thou hast taken more power than thou shouldst. These goode people shall yette dwelle here; but for his misdeeds, do thou, good Robin, punish him."

Thus were they freed from this ruffin, and they did punishe him for his wickednesse. And all his crying was in vayne. And so they did abide free in ye greenwoode, and no more wicked knaves tormented Robin and ye goode fellowes and maydens of 1902.

ARGUMENTS OF YE PLAIE

Ye Lordes and Ladies being assembled at ye Plaie Hous, and ye Lorde Mayor having arrived, ye Senior Classe of 1603 begin ye presentation of their customarie Extravaganza, "Jack ye Gyant Killer," or "Knyght of ye Burnt Pretzel": Ye Knyght departs to do battle against ye Giant Sutton for ye Diplomas, when ye President of ye Women Students objeckts to ye plotte, as it gives undue prominence to ye male Students. Accordinglie ye plotte is changed to "ye Little Duchess," by J. M. Newkirke. Ye Knyght returns and, not perceivyng ye plotte has been changed, is grievously confounded.

Ye Chief Gory here objeckts and demands ye employmente of Sherlocke Holmes, ye shrewd detectyve, to dyscover ye instigators of ye late rushe. This is done. Holmes dyscovers that Gory hymself commenced ye ruff-hous. Upon this announcemente the bande of Mechanicks rushe to defend their Liege-lord, but are vanquished by ye nyftie sworde plaie of ye Shield Maydens.

A group of literarie students here objeckts and demands ye substitution of ye Literarie Plaie. At ye suggestion of A. Price, Bart., "Aske ye Pirate's Daughter" is gyven.

Ye Knyght having met ye Giant, hastens to conflicte, when ye Lorde Mayor orders out ye Fire Troupe to stoppe ye ruff-hous, and declares that there shall be no more Extravaganzas, either nowe or in future, as they tende toward conducte unbecoming ye gentlemen of ye Universitie.

This proclamation is hailed gladlye by ye assemblage who have long suffered ye inflyction of this dire tormente.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE RALLY

THE ORIGIN OF THE PAJAMA RALLY

Whether it was due to the ingenuity or to the disingenuity of the student body of ten or eleven years ago that the Pajama Rally was established as a college function is more than I can say. There is an artful symbolism about the pajama when worn in polite and conspicuous society, but also, there is a fantastic artlessness in the attire which lends it to decorative undergraduate purposes. The mystery of the pajama is somewhat sacred. It is not a garment for mixed society save in time of earthquake or conflagration. The bonfire conflagration in the midst of the cinder track where the first rally was held was not in itself sufficient to justify the apparel on necessitous grounds. Only a conflagration in an apartment house can do that, and there must be all the machinery of heroism, firemen with scaling ladders and life-nets.

But the pajama was selected by LeRoy Smith, yell leader at that time, as the proper, or improper, garment for the first Pajama Rally held in the cinder track on the night of October 18, 1901.

A cinder track rally was an eerie occasion; flitting shapes among the eucalyptus; husky freshmen feeding the flames with contraband material, whole sections of board walk, well painted gates, a few leagues of fencing torn from its sockets along the agricultural experimental grounds in Oxford Street—in those days the freshman feeding the flames could not easily be distinguished by a prejudiced and plundered property owner from Attila—you remember his surname! Once the railroad company had occasion to wonder if the James boys in Missouri were ever so energetic. But that is an old scandal; we had started out to consider the garment of the boudoir at a rally.

Fantastically, the Pajama Rally at the cinder track was a lively success, the freshmen in their Oriental trousers leaping about the spirited flames, heaping fuel on the pyre of Stanford's hopes—somehow Stanford was the Phœnix that year—and exploiting their garments of the night with rash impetuosity.

I hate to have to admit it, but under each blushless pajama was a full attire of "plain clothes."

PAJAMARINO RALLY

The Pajama Rally of 1901 caught the imagination of the students, and the next year it was repeated, on October 30, 1902.

This brings us up to the first great Pajama Rally, the first great rally held in the Greek Theater on the night of October 29, 1903. That is the rally which stands out clearest in my memory of four years of rallying 'round the flag.

Ed Roadhouse was yell leader then—a dynamic yell leader, a dynamic man, one of the promising men who has been called away from us for some good but inexplicable reason, leaving us to regret and ponder.

The rally was held in the Greek Theater. There were fantastic features; the several classes added to the eccentricity of their pajamas curious insignia of their classes. The seniors wore red Turkish caps, the juniors green sashes, the sophomores red decorations, and the freshmen blue and gold. There was a mad gallop about the bonfire that the freshmen kept ablaze. It was a virtuous bonfire; its materials were garnered in no way contrary to the provisions of the penal code. But it was a successful flame, for all of its circumspection.

The bonfire flame was the only light, and the white faces of the spectators gleamed curiously, row upon row, out of the black setting of overcoats and wraps. That was one of the things that taught us the greatness of the Greek Theater, the most splendid structure made by man in California.

That was one rally! The wild cheers, the vivid speeches! And at the close was the desperate dance about the bonfire and on and off the stage. It had the barbaric grandeur of a Russian folk dance and the numerical strength of the charge of a regiment of infantry.

That was the start of the Pajamerino Rally in the Greek Theater. Now, I grieve to say, admission is charged for that spontaneous affair, and a more or less formal vaudeville programme is given. That violates the spirit of the whole rally idea. It robs the pajama of its innocence, makes it self-conscious, and a self-conscious pajama is immoral.

Then the University only dreamt that it dwelt in marble halls. Now that it does dwell therein, it must not forget to play spontaneously, and for pure love of the play.

Arthur Price

OBSEQUIAE BOURDONIONIS

OBSEQUIAE BOURDONIONIS

The University of California has grown great in many ways since the opening of the twentieth century. Yet some features of college life were left behind in the nineteenth, the glory of which will never be surpassed. The "Burial of Bourdon" was once the most exciting and spectacular event of the college year. Long before field days were thought of, or intercollegiate football had drawn together excited thousands to thunder out their cheers to the players in the big game, Bourdon held masterful and undisputed sway over the campus.

For the benefit of the present generation it may be necessary to explain that the "Burial of Bourdon" originated as an expression of freshman exultation over the completion of the year's course in algebra—as courses then were, the most exacting of the freshman studies, and often criterion of further continuance in the college world. The name once established for the celebration continued in force long after Davies's "Bourdon" had been supplanted by more modern text-books.

The performance followed the model of a Roman funeral. It was celebrated at night, the better to enhance the spectacular effects. Members of class, clothed in white robes and carrying torches, accompanied the encoffined remains of the departed "Bourdon" in funereal march, sounding out their sorrow to the world in doleful songs and shrieks. The procession traversed the Berkeley streets to the selected spot on the lower campus where the pyre had been erected. It was an awesome spectacle to see those sheeted forms pass down the old car track to Dwight Way, wind up toward the hills and into the University grounds by the College Avenue entrance. In the unlighted streets the funeral torches had their full effect in outlining the mourners against the surrounding darkness. Numerous transparencies borne aloft in

the procession called the attention of by-standers to the virtues of the deceased or touched off with student wit the faults and prejudices of the instructors.

If in their procession the freshmen had successfully outwitted or overpowered the jealousy of the sophomores, they formed in a circle about the blazing fire, and with appropriate groans responded to the invocation of the Pontifex Maximus and the panegyrics of the funeral orators. Here was the most impressive spectacle of all—the pyre of blazing logs, the sheeted orator upon his rostrum shouting out his encomiums upon deceased, the ghostly circle of mourning classmates, and around all the crowd of upper classmen, alumni, and townsmen, and then the outstretched arms of the old campus oaks painted by the fire in weird outlines against the unbroken darkness of a Berkeley fog. Class after class in the '80s and '90s strove to excel its predecessor in the spectacle of the procession and the florid oratory of the funeral services. Is it not a pity that these characteristic expressions of student feeling have faded from the campus forever, and like the shade of old Bourdon become only a vague and uncertain memory?

TWO PAIR

TWO PAIR

A Junior Farce, by Frank Norris

The two pair in question in the following farce are Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwoggins, and Mr. and Mrs. Feversham, their guests. Each husband is jealous of his wife, each wife of her husband. Mrs. Fitzwoggins, suspecting thus the fidelity of Mr. Fitzwoggins, has resolved to test it by disguising herself and attempting to win his affections as another woman. On the other hand, Mr. Fitzwoggins, moved by a like anxiety as regards his wife, has done exactly the same thing. He decides to impersonate a bandit king, and to put his wife's affections for him to the proof by making love to her as such a character. The plan of each is, of course, unknown to the other. Unfortunately, Mrs. Fitzwoggins selects for her disguise a bonnet and dress belonging to Mrs. Feversham.

SCENE—*The drawing-room of the country home belonging to the Fitzwogginses.*

Mrs. Feversham—Where are you going, my love?

Mr. Feversham—Why, my angel, I was thinking of taking a little air—in the garden.

Mrs. Feversham [*aside*]—And meet Anastasia Fitzwoggins. I think, heart of my hearts, I would like to go with you. [*Aside to the audience as she goes out*] But we're not jealous, oh, no! [*Exit Mr. and Mrs. Feversham.*]

[*Enter Mr. Fitzwoggins, carrying sombrero, cloak, etc.*]

Mr. Fitzwoggins [*in a mock stage whisper*]—Fortune favors me designs. Ha, ha! I feel like the bandit king or the dark and dreadful outlaw already. Stumbled across the very traps I was looking for in old Feversham's room. Now let's get into them. [*Exit Gildersay Fitzwoggins—re-enters as Hernani.*] Oh, now how do I look? [*Looks into mirror.*] Oh, magnificent! If I didn't know I was myself I'd swear I was somebody else! Ha, ha! What ho, without there? Hither, minion! Holy mother of Moses, here comes my wife! [*Exit Hernani.*]

JUBILEE PAGEANT

[*Enter Mrs. Fitzwoggins, nervous and excited.*] It's come—the dress of Madame St. John. I've got it, and I'll steal one of Mrs. Feversham's bonnets and a thick veil. He'd never know me in the world. I'll try it on right away. [*Starts toward the door. Noise without. Stage is darkened. Violins.*] Oh, goodness me! What's that?

[*Enter, running, Mr. Fitzwoggins, disguised.*] Ha, ha, ha! Foiled! Foiled! Foiled! Hell-hounds, do your worst! I will balk you yet! Safe at last

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Oh, who is this dreadful man? I will call for help. [*Goes toward the door.*]

Mr. Fitzwoggins [*still affecting not to see her*]—Here, then, she dwells—my Anastasia, mine, my own. [*Mrs. Fitzwoggins pauses, listens, and finally returns.*] She whom at a distance, all unknown and unrecognized, I have so long adored. Be still, poor, tortured, fluttering heart. Never shall her image be torn from you. I will yet avert the danger that menaces us both, or attempt in the perish. And then I will die [*weeps*]. She shall never, never know of that poor, despised life that went out in a whiff of smoke that hers might be the brighter. But I am content; let her, oh, let her breathe upon the flame of my life until she blows it out; and yet the fire of my existence, feeding upon the honeyed exhalation of her lips, shall, in another and a better world, burst forth into a brighter and a purer incandescence.

Till these lips shall drop to dust,
Till I quit this earthly crust,
Shall my motto be, I trust,
Anastasia or bust!

[*Bass drum—Boom, b-r-r-oom, boom, boom, boom!*] Oh, this is too much! [*Weeps.*]

Mrs. Fitzwoggins [*weeping*]—Oh, how divinely beautiful!

Mr. Fitzwoggins—Hark! Whose voice is that? Do I dream? Oh, if this be a dream, to wake would be to die. Dare I look upon her? I dare—'tis she in the very deed! At last I look upon my idol's face.

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Oh, my, what a good looking man!

Mr. Fitzwoggins—Speak again, bright vision, and tell me that I wake.

Mrs. Fitzwoggins [*reaching for his cloak*]—I will. But won't you take off your hat and cloak and stay a while?

Mr. Fitzwoggins [*hastily*]—No, no—not for the world. I—I am better with it on, thank you. I am afraid of the draught. Got such a cold.

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Poor thing! [*Seeing his wounded arm*] Oh, sir, you are wounded!

Mr. Fitzwoggins—No madam; I'm killed. [*Reels to the sofa.*]

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Oh, isn't this just romantic! [*Goes to him.*] Don't die, sir; oh, don't die! It—it's such a bad habit to get into.

Mr. Fitzwoggins [*hoarsely*]—Why should I live?

Mrs. Fitzwoggins [*hurriedly*]—Well, just live anyhow, just to find out why.

Mr. Fitzwoggins—I will not live, unless—unless you tell me to.

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Oh, yes; I do tell you—*please* live.

Mr. Fitzwoggins—Well, then, for your sake I will live. I will live if it is only to find the chance to die for you.

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—What is your name, sir?

Mr. Fitzwoggins—Me name is *Revenge.*

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Oh!

Mr. Fitzwoggins—But don't be afraid; I will not hurt *you.* You may come quite close. [*Mrs. Fitzwoggins seats herself very close to him on the sofa and leans her head upon his shoulder. He looks surprised at her a moment and then puts his arm around her. Both sigh. A pause.*]

Mr. Fitzwoggins—I should like to die like this.

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—I should like to *live* like this. But oh, if my husband should see us, what do you think he would do?

Mr. Fitzwoggins—He wouldn't do much different than I'm doing now. Do I—er—do I look much like him?

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Oh, no; you are so much taller and handsomer. But tell me your history; it must be a sad one.

Mr. Fitzwoggins—History? I never had one.

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—But, surely, you had parents.

Mr. Fitzwoggins—Never.

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—A wife?

Mr. Fitzwoggins—She is dead.

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Oh, how nice—I mean how sad! But had you no blood relations? Not even a sister-in-law?

Mr. Fitzwoggins [*bursting into tears*]—Oh, yes; I had a sister-in-law once. She was my bloodiest relation, and she looked like you. But do not rudely sweep the chords upon the harp of memory, and oh, forbear to lift the veil that shrouds this life of mine. I am a dark, deep, dreadful, daring man. Me soul is tarnished with a thousand crimes. I walk forever in the shadow of eternal sin. The only ray of light that pierces the surrounding mantle of gloom is my love for *you*. Hear me, Anastasia, for I must speak. I love you madly, passionately, devotedly. [*He kneels.*] You are me light, me life, me very soul. Without thee earth is heaven; with thee heaven is hell. I know all, believe me. You are not happy with this man who calls himself your husband. He does not love you nor you him. I, too, am unhappy. The world flees from us both. Let both of us, then, flee the world; let us leave this place together. Something tells me we were made for each other. Come, fly with me and be me bride, me queen. Me trusty followers wait without. Meet me tomorrow at midnight at the foot of the garden wall. Our coursers are shod with the wind. In an hour we will be leagues hence. Say yes, my Anastasia, and bid me live. Say yes, my love, my empress, my bride that is to be.

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Oh, this is too lovely for anything!

Mr. Fitzwoggins—You will meet me, then? Tell me quickly, my own, my time is short; e'en now I should be gone.

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—I ought to be going, too; some one might see us. I will, my hero, I will meet you. It is you, Fitzwoggins, that have driven me to this. Tomorrow at midnight, then—you will be there without fail? Good-by. You will be surely there? [*Exit.*]

Mr. Fitzwoggins [*pulling off his disguise*]—Oh, yes, ma'am, I'll be there. This is too much. The most shameless, barefaced audacity I ever heard of. Here in my own house, almost under my very eyes, to throw herself right into the arms of a stalking, ranting, gasconading charlatan like—like me. By Jove! Strange state of things, this. I have stolen her affections from myself.

Confound that dime-novel hero, anyway! [*Mockingly*] "Me name is *Revenge.*" Really, I believe I could be jealous of myself. Hernani—foh! [*kicks the sombrero*]. Well, old Feversham is in the soup, and—confound it!—so am I. [*Pauses and thinks a moment.*] Well, I'll—I'll be damned! [*Enter at back Mrs. Fitzwoggins, disguised.*]

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Ahem! [*Mr. Fitzwoggins turns around.*] Oh, sir, how you startled me! I didn't know anybody was here. I fear I intrude.

Mr. Fitzwoggins [*aside*]—Fine looking girl, that. The noblest study of mankind is woman. [*Aloud*] Intrude, nothing—er—don't go. Anything I can do for you? Won't you sit down?

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Oh, thank you; I will. I've come so far and I'm very tired. [*Mr. Fitzwoggins places a chair for her.*] You are so kind—to me [*sighs*].

Mr. Fitzwoggins [*embarrassed*]—No trouble, I assure you. Something I can do for you? We aim to please; no trouble to show goods—I mean—that is—ha, ha!—it is rather a warm day, as you say—you are—er—

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—The new governess.

Mr. Fitzwoggins [*aside*]—The new governess? The girl's made a mistake in the house, but it goes. [*Aloud*] Oh, yes, the new governess, of course. I am so glad to see you. We've been expecting you for some time. Won't you take off your things?

Mrs. Fitzwoggins [*hastily*]—Oh, no, sir; thank you. Where are the children of whom I am to be the governess? I do so love children.

Mr. Fitzwoggins—Oh, the children—why, of course! They have gone out just now.

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Oh! How many did you say there were of them?

Mr. Fitzwoggins—Well, there's only five of the little dears. They all average about ten years old.

Mrs. Fitzwoggins [*aside in a fury*]—And we have been married twelve days! This is too much!

Mr. Fitzwoggins—The three boys went riding a little while ago, and the three girls have gone into town with their mother.

Mrs. Fitzwoggins [*counting off six fingers*]—Three and three are six, sir. I thought you said there were but five.

Mr. Fitzwoggins—Five, five, oh, yes, so I did—er—well, you see, one of them are twins.

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Oh, I hope they will love me. I am so hungry for a little love [*glancing at him*].

Mr. Fitzwoggins—Well, when you advertise for a caterer, madam, let me have the option of a bid. Wedding parties a specialty.

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Do not call be madam; call me Gwendolin. Yes, all I ask is a little true affection. I was not happy at my home. I hope I will be so here. [*Weeps.*] Pardon me, sir, if I weep, but when I think of my own wretched lot and compare it with the brightness of the life I see here I can not restrain my tears. How happy you and your wife must be together!

Mr. Fitzwoggins—Not much.

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Is it possible? Oh, forgive me if I have touched a hidden wound. You, too, are unhappy in your married life. Ah, why did not you remain single?

Mr. Fitzwoggins [*aside*]—Well, I was double a little while before you came in, young woman.

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—I see it all. I, too, was unhappy in my married life.

Mr. Fitzwoggins—Your husband, then—

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Is dead, sir. But your wife—

Mr. Fitzwoggins—Is dead, also—to me—ah! [*Sighs.*]

Mrs. Fitzwoggins [*sighing*]—Ah! [*A pause.*] I think, sir, that in this world for each man there is made one woman before all others whom he should marry, and for each woman there is made one particular man. They are made for each other, but very often they do not meet. They are like notes of music that only make harmony when sounded together. With any other notes they are discord. [*After a pause*] Both your life and mine are out of tune.

Mr. Fitzwoggins—Say, Mandoline, that's a pretty good idea. Don't you think that we ought to—

Mrs. Fitzwoggins [*affecting to be offended*]—Sir! [*She rises and passes over to the sofa.*]

Mr. Fitzwoggins—Don't you think it is very warm in here?

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Oh, no, sir; I thought that it was very chilly.

Mr. Fitzwoggins—Er—sha'n't I put my coat around you?

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—I think perhaps the sleeve would do. [*He puts his arm around her.*] I don't know why, sir, but I feel as though there was something that drew me irresistibly toward you [*he draws her toward him with his arm*]—that impelled me to lean upon you [*she leans her head upon his shoulder*].

Mr. Fitzwoggins—Well, now, I tell you what, Bandoline, we'll see this thing right through.

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—What did you say, sir?

Mr. Fitzwoggins—I say I feel as though we were very near to each other.

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Very near to each other, did you say?

Mr. Fitzwoggins—Sure.

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Oh, how kind you are to me! How can I ever repay you?

Mr. Fitzwoggins—Well, I'll send you around an itemized bill at the first of the month. But say, Crinoline, suppose my wife should come in on us.

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Oh, but I know she won't. I knew your wife pretty well. She and I were children together. Do you still think of her? You love her better than you do me? Go—you are trifling with my heart.

Mr. Fitzwoggins—No, no, Mandoline. I love you better than any one else in the world. [*Enter Mr. Feversham at the back.*]

Mr. Feversham—Hello! There's my wife in her new dress, and —what!—lallygagging with Fitzwoggins! Oh, this is too much!

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—We both love each other, don't we, darling?

Mr. Fitzwoggins—More than all the world besides.

Mr. Feversham—Well, let me be the best man when this happy event is consummated. Ah-ha, madam! I've caught you at last.

Mrs. Fitzwoggins [*aside*]—Heavens! Mr. Feversham takes me for his wife, though why, I don't know. I must keep up this deception on Fitzwoggins, however. [*Aloud to Feversham:*] What do you want, sir?

Mr. Feversham—What—what—do—I want?

Mr. Fitzwoggins [*angrily*]—Yes; what the devil do you come blundering in here for? This isn't your affair at all. You ain't in it—see?

Mr. Feversham—And you dare talk like this to me when I catch you making love to my wife?

Mr. Fitzwoggins [*to Mrs. Fitzwoggins*]—His wife? Then you have two wives. Oh, monster! Grenodine, you have deceived me. How could you trifle with a heart that loves you so?

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Do not believe him, my own. I never saw this man before.

Mr. Feversham—Never—saw me—before? Some one must be crazy. It isn't me—I can think—these are real people I see here. I can hear and see. I haven't been drinking—much. No; it's all real. Fitzwoggins, leave that woman alone, you villain. Your wife shall hear of this.

Mr. Fitzwoggins—What! You dare to say that to me? You swindling, white-livered blackguard! You, who come under my roof as a guest, and steal away my wife's affections by her own confessions! I am neither a suspicious nor a quick-tempered husband; but I have my rights, and I intend to have them respected, Mr. Feversham, by all men in general, and by you in particular. You wretched, senile old roue—you understand?

Mr. Feversham [*scornfully*]—Ha! This is fine. This is pretty good, too. You, above all men, to talk about marital rights, when I find you in the arms of another man's wife, and that other man myself.

Mr. Fitzwoggins—Shut up! She is not your wife, sir.

Mr. Feversham—I say she is, sir!

Mr. Fitzwoggins—I say she is not, sir!

Mr. Feversham—She is!

Mr. Fitzwoggins—She is not!

Mr. Feversham—She is!

Mr. Fitzwoggins—You lie!

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Heavens, the lie direct! They'll surely kill each other.

[*Enter Mrs. Feversham, running.*]

Mrs. Feversham—Oh, goodness me! What is the matter, all?

Mr. Feversham [*aside*]—Another one! Have I got 'em, or is everything gone mad?

Mrs. Feversham—What is the matter? Do stop your quarreling. They can hear you all over the house; the servants are all listening. Mr. Fitzwoggins, what is the matter? What has my husband done to you? Who is this woman?

Mr. Fitzwoggins—Mr. Feversham says it is his wife.

Mrs. Feversham [*screams*]—Oh, I see it all? I see it all now! [*To Mr. Feversham:*] Oh, monster, to have deceived me like this! Me—your loving, trusting wife! Oh, I shall die! Mr. Fitzwoggins, catch me. [*Faints into the arms of Mr. Fitzwoggins.*]

Mr. Feversham—Hold on; I was wrong [*pausing*]. [*To Mr. Fitzwoggins:*] That's my wife—I think. You let go of her, Fitzwoggins. I won't have you hold my wife like that. Give her up to me. There was a mistake somewhere.

Mrs. Feversham—And I made it when I married you; but I see it all now. I've done with you, Mr. Feversham. Go, leave me, and take [*drags forward Mrs. Fitzwoggins*]—and take your wife with you.

Mr. Fitzwoggins [*to Feversham*]—Don't you dare lay your finger on that lady, or I'll blow your brains out. And I am not done with you yet, you old rat. And I'm going to call you out—pistols, at forty rods. Do you hear? And I'm going to kill you—see? [*They all close in on Mr. Feversham.*]

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—And if he should, as I hope he will, you will only get what you deserve, coward that you are, sir, to insult a poor, unprotected girl like me. How dare you say that I was your wife? You know you told a lie, sir, and I hope you will be killed, sir, for it. Yes, I do—killed real bad.

[*They surround Feversham and shake their fists in his face.*]

Mr. Fitzwoggins—Scoundrel!

Mrs. Feversham—Traitor!

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Coward!

Mr. Feversham [*weeping*]—You are all cowards yourselves. You all set upon me at once. I am a defenseless male.

Mr. Fitzwoggins—Come on, sir; choose your weapons.

Mr. Feversham [*turning upon them*]—Confound every one of you? I tell you you are all wrong. I'll blow the brains out of every son-of-a-gun in the crowd! Get out! Stand back! I'm a dangerous man when I'm aroused. Do not wake the sleeping demon within me, or it will be worse for you all.

[*They surround Mr. Feversham, and all speak at once.*]

Mr. Fitzwoggins—Come on! Come on, I tell you! I'll have your blood. You have stolen the affection of my wife. You have publicly insulted me. I'll not stand it. I'll brand you all over the country as a liar and a coward. Come on! Come on!

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Inhuman wretch! Oh, if I were a man I would thrash you within an inch of your life! It is me more than this gentleman whom you have insulted. If you had any manhood about you, you would fight him. But no; you prefer to insult defenseless girls. If I were a man I would fight you myself. Do you hear? I would fight you myself.

Mrs. Feversham—Give me a divorce, Mr. Feversham. Give me a divorce this moment. I am going back to mamma. You are a cruel, brutal, faithless wretch. You have deceived and tricked me. I wish Mr. Fitzwoggins may shoot you dead. I hate you more than any one in the world, and I will have a divorce—give me a divorce, Mr. Feversham.

Mr. Feversham [*shouting and pushing*]—Stop this! Stop all this! I am a crazy man! [*Shouts.*] Whoop! [*Throws off his hat, runs his fingers through his hair, and throws the furniture about.*] Whoop! Whoop! Look out for me! I'm going to shoot! Whoop! I'll shoot you, and you, and you, and then myself.

Mrs. Feversham—Oh, my dear, darling, persecuted, abused husband! It's you two who have done this. See what you have brought him to. Oh, George, look at me! You aren't crazy. You only think you are. Just please be sane, and we won't quarrel any more. You know me now, don't you?

Mr. Feversham—Sure. Of course I do. You, I know, are my wife.

Mrs. Feversham—Then, who is this woman? [*Pointing to Mrs. Fitzwoggins.*]

All together—Yes, who are you?

Mrs. Fitzwoggins [*tearing off her veil*]—I am Mrs. Fitzwoggins.

Mr. Fitzwoggins—Gee-hos-o-phat! My name is Dennis!

[*Mr. and Mrs. Feversham retire up the stage. Mr. Fitzwoggins stands turned away from his wife, whistling. She eyes him angrily. Finally he starts to go out.*]

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Come here. [*He approaches her. Stands rubbing his hands together.*] Oh, you—*you*—[*Mr. Fitzwoggins jumps*]—*you* are the man who are as true to your wife as the steel to the magnet. *You* hold to the oaths you took when you married me. You would never allow yourself to become entangled with any other woman. Oh, no! Oh, I could bite you! [*Mr. Fitzwoggins jumps back.*] Don't you dare move, sir. How is Gwendoline, Mr. Fitzwoggins? How are the five dear little children and the *twins*? Oh, how men can lie when they try hard enough! There is always in this world two lives that are made for each other, aren't they—like two notes of music that only harmonize when struck together? My disguise was pretty good, now, wasn't it?

Mr. Fitzwoggins [*aside*]—Your face wasn't pretty till you covered it up with a veil.

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Don't dare interrupt me. Oh, the Fevershams shall hear of this. [*Turning to the Fevershams.*] See here, all of you. Do you see that man? Look at him. He made a regular scene this morning, and affected a wonderful jealousy of me. But he swore that he was true to me, though. He wouldn't allow himself to fall in love with another woman. Oh, no! Well, I pretended to be that other woman.

Mr. Fitzwoggins [*catches up his cloak and sombrero*] [*aside*]—Oh, I'll fix you. [*Throws on the cloak and puts the sombrero on his head.*]

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—And I introduced myself here as a governess, and although he knew we had no need of one yet, he said: "Oh, yes, we'd been expecting one for a long time, and that we had five children." Yes, he did, and I said my name was—

Mr. Fitzwoggins [*breaking through the group*]—Me name is *Revenge,* list! Come, fly with me and be me bride. Me trusty followers await without. [*Throws off his disguise.*] Ha, Mrs. Fitzwoggins, who's in the soup now?

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Oh, I'm undone! I'm sick; let me go away. I feel faint. Oh, this is terrible! And after my accusing him of being faithless! [*Mr. Fitzwoggins puts himself in her way.*] Let me go, Fitzwoggins. Why, I knew it was you all the time.

Mr. Fitzwoggins—He was so much taller than your husband, wasn't he, and so much handsomer?

Till these lips shall drop to dust
Till I quit this earthly crust,
Shall my motto be, I trust,
Anastasia or bust!

And you were to meet him at the foot of the garden wall. Think you will keep that date, Mrs. Fitzwoggins?

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Oh, how can you be so cruel as to treat me like this?

Mr. Fitzwoggins—How could you be so cruel as to treat me as you did?

Mr. Feversham [*coming forward*]—Say, I think we've all had more than our share of quarreling. Mrs. Feversham and myself have made up, and I think—don't you?—that you two had better do the same. You both mistook each other for some one else. It's a case of standoff. You see, I think it's like this: You loved each other, after all, without recognizing each other. Still, each of you felt that you were in the presence of each other. Love is a strange thing. The bonds that unite two hearts are often invisible. They were especially so with you. You knew each other, yet without any recognition.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwoggins [*together*]—I think that was how it was.

Mr. Fitzwoggins—Anastasia.

Mrs. Fitzwoggins—Gildersay. [*They fall into each other's arms.*]

Mr. Feversham—Bless you, my children.

CURTAIN.

GENTLE MISS GELLETT

GENTLE MISS GELLETT

A FARCE IN THREE ACTS

BY ELEANOR GATES TULLY

PRESENTED ON THE FIRST WOMAN'S DAY

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In the order of their appearance.)

TREVELYAN SYMMES	DU PAYNE RAWLINS
MRS. SYMMES	SIMS
GEORGIANA TAYLOR	MARY
MRS. MCALLISTER	MR. LEALE
JACQUELINE RICHMOND	AGUINALDO
FRANK WARREN	MERCEDES GELLETT

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.

Mercedes Gellett's "den" in Mrs. McAllister's boarding house.

ACT II.

Breakfast room at Mrs. McAllister's.

ACT III.

Lower floor of Hearst Hall, University of California.

TIME—The present.

PLACE—Berkeley, California.

ACT I.

[A girl's "den," poster-hidden and decorated with all sorts of athletic articles.]

[*To low, slow music, Mr. Trevelyan Symmes appears at door, dressed for traveling, cap on head, and umbrella.*]

Dean—Can this be the room? Why, it looks like a sport shop—saddles and bridles, and wheels and whips. I declare! I declare!

Mrs. S. [*enters, angrily*]—Trevelyan! Trevelyan! Now, why couldn't that girl show us where Mercedes's room is, instead of letting us wander about like this? Busy, indeed! There's a young man in the drawing room taking up her time. I've no doubt she ought to be at her studies.

Dean—No doubt, my dear.

Mrs. S.—But, Trevelyan! [*Both look around.*] We're in the wrong place.

Dean—I think not. This is the second door to the right.

Mrs. S.—So it is. [*Both look around again.*] But, Trevelyan——

Dean—It is surprising, is it not?

Mrs. S.—Surprising, Trevelyan! If they put that poor child in such an apartment as this, it is monstrous! [*Both look around again.*]

Dean—It can't be her room, Elizabeth. But do note these extraordinary pictures. [*Indicates posters with cane.*]

Mrs. S. [*goes up to piano and raises her lorgnette to posters*]—Extraordinary? Indecent, I should say.

Dean [*confused*]—They are, indeed.

Mrs. S.—As a contrast, Trevelyan, here is a music-strewn piano. Ah! no soul, however crude, but has its beautiful traits! [*She takes up music, then starts violently.*]

Dean [*aside, remarks her agitation*]—Some great masterpiece. [*Aloud*] What have you there, Elizabeth?

Mrs. S. [*reads in an awful voice*]—"Hone, Come an' Kiss Yuh Baby!"

Dean [*aside*]—She will find it later and read *all* the words. [*Examines horse embarrassedly.*] Ahem! Elizabeth, do you suppose this can be a sofa? [*Sits down on it gingerly.*]

Mrs. S. [*inquiringly pokes punching bag with parasol*]—I don't know, Trevelyan. But what a curious pillow this is!

Dean—Pillow, my love? That is a punch-bag.

Mrs. S.—Whoever could make punch in that, Trevelyan? [*Dean comes forward and gives it a suggestive blow.*] Ah!

Dean [*importantly*]—Yes, I have seen them at Eton. They are used in this way: You stand off and give the bag a biff with your knuckles. It flings and hits the other fellow on the nose, and your arm gets larger every day with the exercise. [*Feels his muscle. Crosses R. to poster.*]

Mrs. S.—And so does the other fellow's nose, I suppose. But notice this strange way of arranging photographs.

Dean—Yes; in a fishnet.

Mrs. S.—Isn't it odd, Trevelyan? Why! [*falls back*] Here's a likeness of the colonel, and—and—Mrs. Hawkshaw! These are Mercedes's portraits.

Dean—What! Yes—they are, for a fact.

Mrs. S.—Then this *is* her room!

Dean—Elizabeth!

Mrs. S.—Preposterous!

Dean—I'm quite overcome.

Mrs. S.—Overcome, Trevelyan? I'm faint. But we must at once inquire into this. To put that sweet girl into such a dreadful place!

Dean [*sniffing about*]—Yes. The poor child! Why, it even smells disagreeable.

Mrs. S.—Why not? Housing a greasy wheel in a sitting room! [*Wails.*] She had pale pink hangings at the Manor, scrim and ribbons and lace.

Dean—And this is really—vulgar. [*Looks at giddy posters.*]

Mrs. S.—It is! It is! Oh, we must let Mrs. Gellett know at *once.*

Dean—At once. And to think that the brave girl never wrote home her distress! [*Still before posters.*]

Mrs. S.—Ah, Trevelyan, it is not more than I expected. *You* have heard about this West, money in plenty everywhere, but—[*hoarse whisper*] colored shirts at *dinner!* What is climate if there is no civilization, Trevelyan?

Dean—Eh, civilization! But one has a *right* to expect civilization in a *University* town.

A RALLY IN HARMON

Mrs. S.—Trevelyan, do not forget that you are *West*, and expect *nothing* but climate. Ah! this is what is meant by "Go ye forth to the uttermost corners of the earth." Trevelyan, here is a field for your uplifting influence.

Dean—Yes, indeed. We must not stay in this awful place any longer. Come!

Mrs. S.—But we must see Mercedes, Trevelyan. We——

[*Enter Miss T. in tramping skirt, lightly hops low "horse" and disappears.*]

Miss T.—You found the room O K? Well, be comfy till 'Cedy gets in. Sorry I can't stay—got another caller. Ta-ta! (*Disappears C.*]

Dean [*half indignant*]—Ta-ta!

Mrs. S.—That dreadful girl again! [*Down R.*] Did you notice her, Trevelyan? A regular kangaroo!

Dean—I declare, she went over that sofa like a hunter!

Mrs. S.—And can that be the kind of young woman with whom —oh, it is awful! My dear friend's little daughter!

Dean [*coming down C.*]—Be calm, my love, be calm. We will at once find Mercedes. *That* must be a familiar upper servant.

Mrs. S.—An upper servant, with callers in the drawing room? [*Rises and crosses L.*] But it wouldn't surprise me. I shall expect to hear *anything.*

Mrs. McAllister [*enters*]—May I ask——

Mrs. S.—You are Mrs. McAllister? The—the——

Dean—My dear!

Mrs. S.—The hostess?

Mrs. Mc. [*softening*]—Yes, I am Mrs. McAllister. Won't you take off your hat and sit down? I can't ask you into the parlor. Miss Taylor has callers.

Mrs. S.—The Dean and I have come to see Miss Gellett. We are old friends of the family, and promised to visit on our way to Japan.

Dean—Is she in?

Mrs. Mc.—I don't know where she is this afternoon. I never *can* keep track of my girls. She's been out since her 10:20.

Mrs. S. [*aside to Dean*]—Whatever is a 10:20?

Dean—I can not say. Can it be that she plays the races?

Mrs. Mc.—I believe she did say something about going to the hills with the English coach.

Dean—The English coach! Why, the child is giving a drag party!

Mrs. S.—What extravagance!

Mrs. Mc.—Now, won't you make yourselves at home until she comes? I must hasten to the preparation of dinner. Oh, I enjoy it. I keep no cook. It's a little bit difficult to get servants in Berkeley just now. [*Ironically*] So many young ladies object to the lack of society on this side of the bay.

Mrs. S.—Society?

Dean—A-a-a-h! Society! A maid!

Mrs. Mc.—Miss Gellett's sure to be here in a minute. Please enjoy her sitting room meanwhile. It's one of the most noted "dens" in Berkeley.

Dean and Mrs. S. [*startled*]—Dens?

Mrs. Mc.—So many people come to admire it. You see, I own my own house, and just take a few boarders for *company*. It really doesn't pay, but——

Mrs. S.—I can readily understand what a great comfort it is to you to have the companionship of such a sweet girl as Mercedes. The Dean and I remember her so well, don't we?

Dean—Like a flower.

Mrs. Mc.—Like a flower!

Mrs. S.—I felt the child's heart would break when she left Canada for the West. She *was* to have been sent to a young ladies' seminary at home. Her father desired it, but it was finally deemed advisable to have her enjoy a milder climate. But to be among strangers, a weak, timid, retiring girl—[*shakes head sadly*].

Dean—And so mild!

Mrs. Mc.—Good gracious! She isn't catalogued *here* that way.

Mrs. S.—I am so anxious to see her again. She will be taller, perhaps pale, but a touch of pink at our coming. [*Sentimentally*] And she always wore a rose colored garden hat.

Dean—Tender young thing!

Mrs. Mc. [*aside*]—They'll expire when they see her. [*Aloud*] She is a little changed, I think you'll find. Of course, you must expect *that*. But she is very charming—very.

Mrs. S.—She was so carefully nurtured.

Dean—A rare exotic!

Mrs. Mc. [*aside*]—A rare grandmother! [*Aloud*] She will be *so* happy to welcome you. And you are going to stay a few days, are you not? I can arrange that nicely. [*Exit.*]

[*Sims enters door C., steamer trunk on shoulder, cap in hand, rough clothes. Mary follows, wonderfully togged.*]

Mary—Poot it by the dure, Billy, ahind the shmall pieces ahn top. An' till me, how *did* yez git it here so quick?

Sims—Well, of it hadn't 'a' bin that Oi wuz a-comin' to this house Oi wouldn't 'a' delivered this Johnny Bull's shtuff fer a wake.

Mary—You wouldn't?

Sims—No, *mum!* The boss sez when Oi loaded it up, "You're gittin' too dam prompt." 'Cuz we ginerally kapes trunks as long as we kin. But Oi didn't open me face.

Mary—Ah, Billy dear, Oi wuz here!

Sims—Forgit it! Forgit it! It's the rhoom. Sure an' Oi've heard of it for two years. An' Oi wuz achin' tuh git me lamps on it. [*Looks all around.*]

Mary—An' wouldn't it kape ye rubberin'?

Sims—Well, I should think! Luke at th' poonch bag. Oi'll joost take a kick at it. Now, Mary. Ah, Mary, shure yez need a coorse in th' gym.

Mary [*R. C.*]—Arrah, go ahn. I doan't want to smash oop th' rhoom. An' she has tuh give it oop for a few days—if it doan't be foine—an' boonk wid her chum while th' visitors is here.

Sims [*L. C.*]—Yis.

Mary—I'm thinkin' she'll not loike it. Nor Miss Richmond, ayther. The airs thim gurls hev poot on lately is disgoostin'! "You'd think," sez I to Mrs. Mac, "that they're goin' to forum a frat!" "Divil a bit," sez she. "Oi'll poot a damper on that in *this* house. Oi intend to board byes as *well* as gurls. That's the only way to kape any boarders."

Sims—Mrs. Mac is ahn tuh hur job!

Mary—That she is. An' a nice lady to work for, by the day, wid lunch thrown in—an' a blink at yez.

Sims—Ah, Mary, Mary! Kiss your Billy on the bill.

Mary—Arrah, go on! [*They embrace.*]

Leale—Here's a go for the Blue and Gold. Kindly keep that pose. [*Trains camera. Sims and Mary separate. Leale exits.*]

Mary—Caught in th' act! An' by a mon wid a camery. Shure they'll poot me in th' papers!

Sims [*crosses R.*]—Niver moind, Mary. It's quoite the thing tuh hev your mug in the paypers. [*He approaches Miss G.'s collection.*]

Mary—The sassiety gurls does it. An' Oi'm no bitter than they. Hev a cigarette, Billy?

Sims—Don't care if Oi do! An' would you look at the terbacky! [*Selects cigarette from pipe collection and pockets others. Lights cigarette.*]

Mary—An' that ain't all, Sims. Look here. [*Points to collection of tiny liquor bottles, glasses, and steins on mantel.*] See the likker! She doan't care no more fer that wan moile law thin th' byes!

Sims—Th' widdy right in her sittin' rhoom! [*Each grabs a bottle.*] An' th' best in th' market—Bon Hommy cocktails, be jabbers! Well, here's tuh yez, Mary, the foinest Oirish gurl that iver washed a windy. Drink hearty and drink ivery dhrop. [*They stand with bottles raised.*]

Mary—An' here's tuh yez, Billy, for a sassy Oirishman.

Sims—Mary, there's enuff boog juice here tuh jolly a hull phrat.

Mary—We'll pass it over tuh th' Delti Pi's. They're all C. A.'s. Oi'm a-chinning in th' windy.

Sims [*at window*]—Doan't they hev th' toimes of a life, though? Arrah, whin Oi coom tuh college Oi'll join a phrat.

Mary—What are they rubberin' at?

Sims—Well, Oi niver! Do they think Oi'm a gurl?

Mary—They think ye're Miss Gellett.

Sims [*waving curtain*]—Couldn't Oi play thim a great trick, if Oi had some duds to poot ahn?

Mary—Shure, ye could.

Sims—Good! Oi'll give 'em something to stretch their necks at. [*Dons cape and hat and mimics girl around stage.*]

Mary—Coom ahn!

Sims [*at window*]—Ha, ha! [*Moves curtain.*] They're just a *lookin'!* [*Waves.*] Would ye see th' excitement? [*Calls in feminine voice.*] T-o-o, t-o-o! T-o-o, t-o-o! Luke at thim, Mary. Luke!

Mrs. Mc.—Sims! Sims!

Sims—Too-oo! To-o!

Mrs. Mc.—Sims! Sims!

Mary—That's th' lan'lady!

Mrs. Mc.—Sims! Sims!

Mary—Git a move ahn!

[*Sims exits. Dean enters, very pale.*]

Dean—Who called me? [*Pause.*] Who called me? [*Pause.*]

Mary—No one. You're crazy. [*Exits.*]

Mrs. Mc. [*calls again*]—Sims! Sims!

Dean [*trembling*]—Who called me? [*More frightened.*] What does it mean? *Some*body called me? *Some*thing called me! *What was it?* Can it be—no, no, that is too horrible. But I heard a voice—and it called my name. [*Makes own voice sepulchral.*] "Symmes," it said, "Symmes." It must be—it must be the banshee! The banshee! [*Hoarsely*] What *shall* I do? What *shall* I do? But I can avert it! I'll repeat the rhyme! [*Comes front, works arms slowly up and down from elbows, alternately, chants.*]

"Pixie fine and Pixie gay,
Knocker, spriggan, witch or fay,
Please to rise and fly away."

[*Pauses, looks around stealthily.*] That'll do it, and if it comes again, I'll say the other *down on my hands and knees.* If it knocks [*makes knocking motion with right hand*]—[*Leale, negligee shirt, junior plug, camera on strap on shoulder, appears at door C. Very slow in every movement except when taking a Blue and Gold snap. He knocks three times distinctly. Dean gasps and, without turning, slowly sinks, wild-eyed, to hands and knees, and begins the banshee chant.*]

"Half a paddock, half a toad, half a yellow yorling.
Drink a drop of devil's blood every other morning."

Lea.—What's the matter with the old duffer? Why, he's one of the new profs. I'll get him for the josh page. [*Gets ani-*

mated.] Dear sir, kindly keep that pose! [*Trains camera for an instant; snaps as Dean moves.*]

Dean [*as voices are heard*]—Some one is coming. [*Turns as Mrs. S., Miss R., Miss T., War. and Raw. enter. Starts chant and stops.*]

Miss R.—Oh, Mr. Symmes! We thought we'd lost you, and Mercedes has not come yet.

Mrs. S.—What can have happened to the child? Why, why, how pale he is! Dear Trevelyan, you are ill! [*All gather about Dean.*]

Dean [*trembling*]—Yes, yes, I am pale. I—I think I'm bilious. [*Smiles faintly.*] I'm always a little pale when I'm bilious.

Mrs. S.—Ah, you must have some medicine, Trevelyan.

Dean [*faintly*]—A stimulant, Elizabeth.

Raw. [*aside to War.*]—I believe the old chap's been drinking.

Lea.—Please keep that position.

Dean—Thank you, gentlemen, thank you. I am better, Elizabeth—much better. But where is Mercedes? Dear child, where is she?

Mrs. S.—Oh, poor Trevelyan; we have not found the sweet child yet.

Dean—Not found her! Gentle girl, where can she be? Oh, Elizabeth [*whispers*]—the banshee! I heard the banshee! Surely, *surely,* something has gone wrong. Something has happened to our sweet Mercedes.

Mrs. S.—No, no, Trevelyan. Oh, if Mercedes were only here! Where *can* she be?

Young Men—Mercedes? Why, there's her whistle.

Dean—Dear, dear Mercedes!

Mrs. S.—Sweet, sweet child!

Both—Gentle, sweet girl!

[*They turn to door C., arms extended. Orchestra takes up tune as Mercedes, dog, and cleek enter. Dean falls back and is supported by the young men, who offer him bottle, glass, and stein. Mrs. S. falls back and is supported by the ladies.*]

ACT II.

SETTING.

[*Breakfast room at Mrs. McAllister's. As curtain rises Mrs. S. comes stealthily out.*]

Mrs. S.—"We first endure, then pity, then embrace." Ah, I'm sure it's becoming. [*Struts up and down.*] But the Dean must not see it. Isn't it strange how I have gotten over my prejudice of short skirts. They are really pretty and convenient. I am actually finding justification for them. They shocked me at first. So did Mercedes. Ah, what a dreadful change has come over that dear child! But I can understand it. It's in the air. Conventions to the winds—freedom! That is the motto of this country! I—I rather like it now. [*Exit.*]

War. and Raw. [*entering C.*]—H-e-e-m!

Raw.—Hooray!

War.—What's up?

Raw.—Well, one of our fellows came up from Stanford last night to take in the prom. Naturally, he's keen for dancing after the big game. He doesn't know any U. C. co-um girls, so I thought I would drop over this morning and ask the young ladies here to keep a couple of dances for him. And—and——

War.—And?

Raw.—*And*—[*confidentially*]—see how our little arrangement turned out. Did you tell her?

War.—Yes. Did you?

Raw.—Yes.

War.—Well, considering her answer to me, it seems as if your smiles this morning are just out of *place*. That is, of *course*, if you *care* for her.

Raw.—You be hanged! Of course, I care for her! And I was just about to remark the same thing to you.

War.—Oh, you were! Well, Rawlins, I want you to take this thing right. Now, we made a fair bargain. Each was to go to her——

Raw.—Yes.

War.—And without even *mentioning* the *other* fellow——

Raw.—Yes.

SCENE FROM THE "LITTLE CLAY CART"

War.—Tell his story like a man and abide by her decision—without trying to *influence* her.

Raw.—That's right.

War.—Well, I did it *exactly* as I agreed, and—[*rises*]—she *told me that she cares for me!* [*Goes R.*]

Raw. [*rises excitedly*]—She cares for *you!* You're away off. I went to her. *I* told her that, confound it, I was hit hard as a rock. And she told me that she had always thought more of me than any other man in college!

War.—What!!

Raw.—She did! She said it in those *very words*—more of me "than any other man in college."

War.—Are you joking?

Raw.—No, I am *not* joking.

War.—Then you're mistaken.

Raw.—And I'm not mistaken. *You* may be.

War.—*I* beg your pardon. I am telling you the *ab-so-lute* truth.

Raw.—So am I.

War.—Y-e-s?

Raw.—Yes!!

War.—Are we crazy?

Raw. [*angrily*]—I don't know.

War.—That's the strangest thing I've ever heard *in my life.* I could swear she was honest to me. Why—[*happily*]—she—she——

Raw.—And she was just great to me. Just as sweet, and——

War.—Rawlins, I guess she didn't mean it in either case. It's one of her little jokes.

Raw.—I guess it is!

War.—But I don't intend to take it as a joke.

Raw.—Neither do I.

War.—I won't even keep my engagement with her tonight.

Raw.—Tonight? I had an engagement with her tonight.

War.—*You* had?

Raw.—Yes, the prom.

War.—Why, she was going to the prom. with me!

Both—Well, I'll be——

Mrs. Mc. [*enters in morning gown*]—Good morning, gentlemen. Why, Mr. Rawlins! Come and have some coffee with Frank.

Raw. [*miserably*]—No, thank you, Mrs. McAllister. I—I don't care for any breakfast. But don't let me keep you from breakfast, Warren.

War.—I don't want any breakfast either. Rawlins, it will only be fair to pay her back in her own coin. We won't turn up to take her tonight.

Raw.—A good scheme! And if she goes——

War.—We won't see her.

Raw.—And we won't introduce her to Greene. [*Aside*]—She'll be out in the cold, will Mercedes Gellett.

War.—Perhaps we deserve this, Rawlins. I don't know. [*Aside*]—But it's a bad time to punish her for anything. Poor little woman, she is getting it on all sides these days. [*Crosses R.*]

Raw.—I'm going, Warren. Mrs. McAllister, we're rather crowded for beds at the house. Could you accommodate Greene from Stanford here tonight?

Mrs. Mc.—Certainly, Mr. Rawlins. Bring him over.

Raw. [*to both*]—And I'll take the Dean back with me. We fellows are going to show him what a Berkeley frat is like. Good bye. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter Dean, Mrs. S., and Miss R.*]

Mrs. S.—Where's Mercedes? I want her this *instant!*

Dean—What's the matter, Elizabeth? What has happened?

Mrs. S.—Don't Elizabeth me! Look at this. Think of something else than *maids!*

Dean—Elizabeth, what do you mean? Why, this is a letter. You have opened it.

Mrs. S.—Yes, I have opened it. And it is a notice from a committee of her professors!

All [*in excited chorus*]—From her professors!

Dean—What *has* that girl been up to again! [*Aside*] More evil! More evil! [*Excitedly consults book.*]

Mrs. S.—Don't ask me. I shall wire Mrs. Gellett today—this very hour.

Raw.—Who brought that?

Lea.—I did. That's it. Everybody keep that pose. [*Takes snap.*]

Mrs. S.—Mr. Leale met the messenger as he was coming in. This is a special *summons!*

Mrs. Mc [*enters*]—What is the matter, Mrs. Symmes?

Mrs. S.—Matter indeed! Mercedes is summoned to appear before a faculty committee. And *you,* madam, are answerable for her troubles.

Mrs. Mc.—I?

Mrs. S.—What care have you taken of the poor child? And the sweet, gentle girl we knew in Canada——

Raw.—Is a regular corker!

Mrs. Mc.—Silence! Mr. Rawlins, I've not lived next door to your frat for a year for *nothing.*

Dean—Oh, this terrible state of affairs is not unexpected. Indeed, it is what I have anticipated, Mrs. McAllister. [*Aside*] But is the banshee or Mrs. McAllister to blame? [*Aloud*] She goes where she pleases, unattended; does what she likes, and even keeps a supply of liquor and tobacco in that shocking room of hers!

Mrs. Mc.—Purely a collection, Mr. Symmes, both the pipes and bottles. All the college girls have *that* fad. It isn't wrong.

Dean—Wrong! It is shocking!

Mrs. S.—It is terrible!

Mrs. Mc.—Indeed, it is not so odd as you think. Mercedes is no different from many nice girls—just unconventional, that's all.

Dean—And the smoking from the window?

Mrs. S.—And the flirting with a crowd of boys!

Mrs. Mc.—She will explain to us. She must.

Miss T.—Here she comes.

[*Miss Gellett and Greene appear at door C.*]

Miss G.—There he is!

Dean—Young woman, we are waiting for you.

Mrs. S.—Unfortunate girl! Your sins have found you out!

Miss G.—My sins have found me out! Well, they are not *deceit* and *gossip*. Now, I'm tired of being in the dark. If you have something to say, say it.

[*Mrs. S. hands letter to Miss G.*]

Miss G. [*reading*]—"Miss Mercedes Gellett is requested to be present at a special meeting of the President and the Students' Affairs Committee on Monday afternoon at half-past two o'clock in the President's private office, South Hall." Well, what of that? It *can't* be anything *very* dreadful, I *know* it can't. What does it mean? Oh, I wish I knew! Ah, the letter I got yesterday. It had the Recorder's stamp on it. It was with several others when I left for the city, and I was in such a rush that I didn't open them—just stuck them into my dress suit case. They're there now.

Lea.—"M. G." Here you are. [*Hands case to Miss G.*]

Miss G.—Stay here, every one. I'm not afraid of anything that's in this letter. Here is the explanation, and it's probably a hitch that's just been discovered in my senior standing.

All but War.—Open it! Open it!

Miss G.—I am not afraid to open it. There's nothing—— [*Pauses, starts, then puts hands to head in fright.*] Oh, oh!

War.—What is it, Mercedes? What is it?

Miss G.—Nothing, Mr. Warren. I'm just dizzy.

Miss T.—I'll open the case for you.

Miss G.—No, you won't.

Miss T.—O-o-h, I thought you were *ill.*

Miss G. [*miserably*]—Oh, I am ill. I—I—[*dashes suddenly to Miss R.*] Jacqueline, I *dare* not open it.

Miss R.—Why not?

Miss G.—That telephone's inside!

Miss R.—It is! Oh, heavens!

Miss G. [*panting*]—I—I think I'd better read the letter *later.* Hadn't I, Jacqueline?

Miss R.—Yes. Mercedes isn't well enough now. The letter will do later. [*They put suit case down and sit on it.*]

Mrs. S.—Mercedes, I am almost distracted. Let my mind be set at rest.

Mrs. Mc.—And I wish myself cleared of the insinuations that have been cast upon me. Oblige me by opening it.

Dean—Open it, Mercedes, open it.

Lea. [*getting camera ready*]—Open it.

Miss T.—She's too ill to open it.

Raw.—She's afraid to open it!

Mrs. Mc.—I demand the opening of that case. If you have done anything, Mercedes, *you* must bear the blame.

Miss G.—I have *done* nothing. Jacqueline, I must open it.

Miss R.—Oh, Mercedes, don't, don't!

Miss G.—I shall not open it until I choose.

Mrs. Mc.—Young lady, we will have no procrastination. If you will not open the case, I will.

Miss G. and Miss R.—Oh, Mrs. McAllister, wait! wait!

Mrs. Mc.—I shall not wait. Stand back. Now, we'll have the truth! All the truth!

[*Music grows louder. Dress suit case opens, disclosing several bottles of wine and cigarette packages, which tumble over the floor, showing some clothing beneath. Every one starts back in horror.*]

ACT III.

SETTING.

[*Lower floor of Hearst Hall, showing the staircase. As the curtain rises, the sad strains of Golteman's Nocturne are heard, played very softly by the orchestra. Miss G. appears on landing, pale, and gowned in a black evening costume devoid of frat pins. She descends staircase, the music continuing, and on reaching the bottom, comes front slowly and dolefully.*]

Miss G. [*at bottom stair, aside, sadly*]—Good bye, all that. Not *one* will help me prove that somewhere there is a terrible mistake. Injustice on all sides! I wish I had never seen the place! [*Orchestra begins to play as deux temps, "All for the Sake of California." She pauses to listen.*] No, no, I don't mean that! I don't mean that! Dear California, I love her, and I'll never forget her! Some day she'll *know* that I am innocent. Ah, these last twelve hours! The Dean telegraphed home about that wine! It's somebody's joke. I am innocent!

[*Enter Miss R.*]

Miss R. [*aside*]—I waited and waited, and he never came! Frank was right, Du Payne brought her. But left me to come along without a word of explanation. Oh, I'll never forget this. I'll make her sorry—the hypocrite!

Miss G. [*aside*]—What does this mean? Jacqueline here alone? Frank not with her?

[*Miss R. spurns Miss G. and goes up stairs.*]

Mrs. S. [*aside*]—Did one ever see anything more shocking? And she is going up stairs. Where can Trevelyan be? I think I shall go up. Pardon me. [*Ascends.*]

Miss G.—What have I ever done to Jacqueline that she should believe the falsehoods that are being told about me and desert me? I have been a faithful friend to her. Ah, well, one more blow—what does it matter?

Lea. [*aside*]—How sweet she looks tonight! I'll sketch her. [*Aloud*] Please keep that pose, Miss Gellett, won't you? Fine! Splendid! Now, tell me—haven't you the blues tonight? What's the matter?

Miss G.—I am very unhappy. You see, father has always wanted me to cut college and go to a seminary. Now, the Dean has advised the change—by telegraph, today. I'm in for it.

Lea.—The *Dean* advised it? The old duffer! What is his argument versus co-eds?

Miss G.—Says women are too susceptible——

Lea.—Just keep that pose.

Miss G.—to their surroundings to be thrust among rough men for their education. Approves of a French convent system. Points me out as an example of what harm co-education can do.

Lea. [*sketching*]—Rubbish! Anyway, you needn't go *East*, to a seminary. Here is Miss Head's——

Miss G.—Miss Head's! If I want a "prep" school I'll—take to Stanford. [*Valse starts.*] Come, I must join Mrs. Symmes.

Lea.—Yes, and this is our dance.

[*Enter War. and Raw.*]

War.—I want to see you, sir.

Raw.—Well, *here* I am.

War.—You are playing false.

Raw.—You are talking through your hat.

War.—Be careful!

Raw.—Keep your advice to yourself.

War.—You're a nice gentleman, aren't you? Your word isn't worth that.

Raw.—What do you mean? I've kept my word to you.

War.—You've kept your word! Indeed! You agreed to avoid her tonight. Then you got a *dance* from her! Bah!

Raw.—So you add falsehood to your other gentlemanly attributes. Why, I haven't seen the girl tonight!

War.—*I* saw you with her, *myself.*

Raw.—Jacqueline? Why, she just came!

War.—No, Mercedes!

[*They look at each other for a moment, then shake hands delightedly, and dash up staircase together.*]

[*Mary and Dean enter, Mary ahead. She screams and rushes across stage.*]

Dean [*aside, solemnly*]—It must be the banshee after all. If it isn't, what is it? People fairly fly when I approach. Even Mrs. Symmes acts strangely. Can it be the smoking? [*Looks stealthily at cigar.*] I wouldn't chew gum another week if it was! [*Holds jaw, advances slightly toward table.*] Yes, I'm so glad that I came tonight, anyway. [*Sims and Ag. creep in with rope.*] It is a most *delightful* occasion.

Greene—You're *apt* to change your mind.

Dean—Hardly think so, unless I'm further annoyed by that beggarly driver. Why, do you know he threatened to strike me, and that fearful Filipino actually assaulted me.

Sims [*seizes him*]—Doan't yez dare to roon us doan, ye spalpeen!

Dean [*as they wind him up in the rope, his arms to his sides*]—Help! Murder! Fire! Police! Elizabeth! [*He drops cigar, is tripped and sat upon. Mrs. Mc., Miss R., Miss T., Raw. enter and gather around.*]

Sims—Shut oop or Oi'll gag ye!

Dean—Help! Help! You rascals! Murder! Murder! Help! [*He is gagged and lifted to his feet as Lea. and Mrs. S. descend.*]

SCENE FROM "PAOLO AND FRANCESCA"

Sims—Doan't be scared, ladies. Coom roight oop. Shure, he'z harmless.

Mrs. Mc. [*appealing to all*]—Dear! Dear! Hasn't there been a little haste? Couldn't Mrs. Symmes——

Miss T.—'Sh! There she comes!

Miss R.—Good heavens!

Greene—Get him out! Get him out!

Raw.—There isn't time.

Sims—Cover 'im oop! [*Grabs a blanket and they wrap Dean in it, head and all.*]

Mrs. S.—Where is that man?

Mary—H-here, mum.

Mrs. S.—You are. Well, then, where is the Dean? [*Dead silence.*] I am preparing to go, but I can not find him. [*Dean wriggles, and Sims gives him a dig in the back. No one replies.*] Can he have gone home? [*Dean shakes head negatively. Sims digs him again. No one answers.*] Or is he still here? [*Dean nods assent. Mrs. S. spies him and raises lorgnette, eyes him up and down.*] Why, why, what have you here? [*Dean wriggles and ladies make frantic pantomime signs to Greene and Raw. to explain.*]

Raw.—Why, eh, Mrs. Symmes, this is—is the latest addition to the museum. Just arrived today, and was put here so that it could be seen. [*Dean squirms about, Sims thumping him in back.*] We have been taking a look at it, don't you know?

Mrs. S.—Is it some strange plant or animal? [*Dean negates vigorously.*]

Raw.—Why, no; it's a—Wah-hoo-wah Indian in his burial blanket. You see him just as he was taken out of his little box. [*Dean wriggles.*]

Mrs. S. [*recoils*]—But he *moves!* He isn't dead!

Raw.—Great system of wires, you see. Every joint perfectly fitted. Works by a spring in the back. Make him perform, Sims. [*Sims gives Dean another dig, and Dean dances violently.*]

Mrs. S.—How *very* interesting!

Greene—Isn't it?

Mrs. S.—But heaven forbid that the Dean should see it!

Raw.—Yes, it would be a catastrophe.

Sims [*aside*]—Or Mrs. Dean.

Mrs. S.—He is so superstitious. But I am not. Coachman, make it move again. Isn't that perfect? I am always so concerned in scientific things. But the Dean, you know, draws the line at mummies. He can not get away from the fact that they were once alive as we are. He is so foolish.

Dean [*sepulchral voice from blanket*]—Elizabeth! [*Men put hands over his mouth.*]

Mrs. S. [*startled*]—What was that? Somebody called me. Did you hear it? You didn't hear it? But somebody did call me, I'm *sure* of it. Gentlemen, did you hear it? Oh, heavens! I heard my name called. I did, indeed! "Elizabeth," the voice said, "Elizabeth." Who was it? What was it? Can the Dean be right? Is it the banshee? Trevelyan! Trevelyan!

Dean [*under blanket*]—Elizabeth!

Mrs. S.—Trevelyan! Trevelyan!

Dean [*freeing head*]—Elizabeth! Help me!

Miss G. [*springs to center*]—What does this mean? Are you not satisfied with ruining my happiness that you persecute my friends? Go to the Dean! Mary, get up! What have you all to say for yourselves?

Miss T.—He's crazy, and—and——

Miss G.—Silence! The Dean is no more crazy than *you* are.

Miss T.—What do you call it, then?

All—Yes, what do you call it?

Miss G.—Do you mean this, and this?

All—Yes.

Miss G.—Why, that's as simple as can be. He's superstitious, and that's to keep hoodoos away.

All—O-o-h!

Dean—Yes, that's all. I'm not crazy. Ah, Mercedes, how can I thank you, noble girl! How can I help you?

Miss G.—Help me? Ah, things have gone too far! Nobody can help me! In a day, perhaps, the whole affair will reach the papers. I can see it now—letters that long—"Fired by the Faculty! Wild escapades of Mercedes Gellett—smoked—flirted—used her suit case to introduce liquor into the University!"

Raw. [*melodramatically*]—"X" marks the spot where she stood!

Sims—Arrah! I am discovered!

Greene [*aside*]—I can't stand this. That suit case was *mine.*

All—Yours?

Miss G.—It was?

Greene—Yes! I took the *other* to my room; found out too late it was yours.

[*Enter Lea.*]

Miss G.—Thank heaven, I shall leave cleared of that suspicion!

War.—And I'm sure you're innocent of the other.

Miss G.—I wish I could prove it.

War.—Mercedes, *surely* you didn't do it! Tell me that you weren't at that window.

Mrs. Mc.—Mr. Warren, that is a quest for the faculty committee.

War.—Mercedes, *tell* me that you weren't there.

Miss G.—I can not—for I *was* there—for a minute.

Miss T.—I knew it!

Raw.—For a minute!

Sims—It's oop tuh me!

War.—You were?

Miss G.—Yes.

War.—But you didn't smoke or drink. Oh, Mercedes!

Miss G.—No, I didn't smoke or drink. It's false.

Lea.—*I* will prove!

All—You?

Lea.—Yes, I.

Mrs. Mc.—Mr. Leale, your word alone will not——

Lea.—Better than that! The Blue and Gold camera *never* lies. [*Holds camera in one hand, a photograph in the other.*] Look!

All [*aghast*]—Sims!

All—She didn't do it?

Miss G. [*raises arm as orchestra plays "Hail California"*]—Then I'll stay at California!

Lea.—Everybody keep that pose.

CURTAIN.

THE ENGLISH CLUB PLAYS

THE ENGLISH CLUB PLAYS

The following plays have been produced by the English Club semi-annually since the fall of 1906:

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.
LITTLE CLAY CART.
ABRAHAM AND ISAAC.
WINTER'S TALE.
CABINET MINISTER.
THE HOUSE OF RIMMON.
THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY.
NERO.
CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA.
MARIA STUART.
PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.
SHERWOOD.

EPHRAIM

EPHRAIM

BY CAMILLUS NELSON HACKETT, HENRY NORTHBERT WOLFF, AND LEROY WALTON ALLEN.

Produced by the Senior Class, May 10, 1912.

CHARACTERS.

EPHRAIM, the Idol King.
HAL O'TWELVE, a worshiper of idols.
BILL BARKELEY, a man of more medals than units.
The LORD OF GEHENNA.
DIONYSUS, the God of Wine.
ZANTHIUS, his slave.
SCHOLASTICUS, Regent in Oskiland.
SIR PEDANT-PEDANT, a prosecuting attorney.
The Frog-King.
A Bailiff.
A Fool to King Ephraim.
WILLIAM the Canine-ite.
Three Devils.
Two Heralds.
MARGARET, the fiancée of Hal.
VIVIAN and ATELE, her companions.
The Gypsy Queen.
PASHA and NINA, Gypsy girls.
ARABELLA, ARDELLA, and PASTORELLA, Students of Education.
Two boarding-house keepers.

Also the mute parts of—

Lord High Executioner.
Three guards.
Twelve juresses.
Attendants at the Court of Ephraim, etc., as indicated in the play.

SCENE FROM "ABRAHAM AND ISAAC"

ACT I.

SCENE—*The Greek Theater itself by moonlight, only the footlights being turned on. After the opening march a chorus of Greek revelers or* CORYBANTES *come dancing onto the stage, their cheeks flushed, their hair disheveled. Some have tambourines, some cymbals of brass, and some long staves wound with ivy and tipped with pine cones. All wear garlands of roses on their heads. They dance and sing with great liveliness and orgiastic abandon.*

CORYBANTES *sing*—

Joying in our midnight revels
Let us dance and sing,
Only hearts aglow with gladness
Let us hither bring.

In this land of Youth Eternal
Happily we stay
Where no shadow of misfortune
Falls across our way.

Youth and jollity are with us
Now and evermore;
Youth and gladness, strength and beauty
Throng the Western shore.

Hail to joy! And may no sadness
Mar our jovial throng.
Hail to youth and hail to gladness,
Hail to dance and song!

[*The song ends with a quick, lively dance.*]

[*Enter* DIONYSUS *and* ZANTHIUS. DIONYSUS *is bald, pot-bellied, with red nose and cheeks. He wears an ivy crown and is dressed in a short tunic. He enters riding on a donkey, which his clownish slave* ZANTHIUS *leads by the bridle-rein.*]

DIONYSUS—

Joy to you all and welcome! May good cheer
And happiness in each bright face appear
This night of nights!

ALL— Hail, Dionysus, hail!

ZANTHIUS—

Once more this old Greek High-Brow has come here,
As is his custom at this time o' year,
To celebrate them days of long ago
When him and great Athene, as you know,
Was honored in old Athens. Why, all plays
In Athens' theater were for his praise
An' worship!

DIONYSUS—

But those happy days soon passed.
New rulers, new religions came. At last
My altars were deserted. Naught was seen
Of Athens' playhouse but a hillside green.
Then heard I of a land where Dian drove
Her car through cloudless skies, and of a grove
Of murmuring eucalypti round about a theater.

ZANTHIUS—

You called us, your old rout
Of revelers. "Good news!" you cried. "Once more
We shall find happiness! A golden shore
Yonder lies basking 'neath the setting sun!"

DIONYSUS—

And so we came, and found, our journey done,
This land of Heart's Desire! Now not a breeze
Comes, but Greek dryads whisper in these trees
And not a play is given on this stage
That my immortal eye does not engage.
While down in the old Chem. pond when the lights
Of moon and stars shine forth on summer nights
Returning suitors hear the bubbling song
Of all my sacred frogs I brought along
From Athens.

ZANTHIUS—

Why, even his donkey here
He rode in Athens some two thousand year
Ago and more.

DIONYSUS—

Much might men learn, alas!
Would they regard the lesson of this ass.

ZANTHIUS—

Which does he mean, for surely there are two?

DIONYSUS—

I mean this beast, O Zanthius, not you.

ZANTHIUS—

You speak then of your brother, not your friend.
Speak on, old Wine-Jug, we shall attend.

DIONYSUS—

Now, many faults in this poor beast appear,
But why apply them? Zanthius is here.

[DIONYSUS *dismounts.*]

Now lead him out and let him graze his fill
Of grass and buttercups on Charter Hill,
Where you, good Zanthius, from all labor free,
May look about and see from "C" to sea.

[*Exit* ZANTHIUS *with donkey.*]

Now let the cymbals strike! With merry din
Dance, dance, ye sprites, and usher gladness in!

[*Enter twelve men as frogs in shimmering green, with hands and faces painted green. One wears a crown.*]

But who comes here?
The frogs! Well, friends, what cheer?
Why this dejected mien?
This visage green?
Is the old Chem. pond getting low?
Don't its green mosses grow?
Or maybe something ails
The little tadpoles. Have they lost their tails?

FROGS [*slowly, in a deep bass voice*]—

Brekekekex ko-ax, ko-ax!
Brekekekex ko-ax, ko-ax!

DIONYSUS—

You hear, friends, what they say. Such words as these
They spoke once to old Aristophanes.
I fear I'm somewhat deaf. Once more, sirs, if you please!

FROGS—

Brekekekex ko-ax, ko-ax!

CORYBANTES *sing*—

When the moon, the dreamy moon,
  Shines in the sky
And the breezes in the treetops
  Scarcely sigh,
Strolling lovers often hear
From the Chem. Pond loud and clear
The chorus of the sacred frogs. Hush! Hear!

FROGS—

Brekekekex ko-ax, ko-ax!
Brekekekex ko-ax, ko-ax!

CORYBANTES—

In the trees the many birds
  Are fast asleep,
While the stars their silent watch
  Above them keep.
All is quiet far and near
Save the music loud and clear
Of the chanting of the sacred frogs. Hush! Hear!

FROGS—

Brekekekex ko-ax, ko-ax!
Brekekekex ko-ax, ko-ax!

DIONYSUS—

Alas! I do not comprehend. Let one
Speak for the rest.

FROG-KING— O Dionysus, son
Of Zeus. Great is our woe indeed! The pond
Of which we harmless bullfrogs are so fond
Is desecrated still from time to time,
Its tranquil waters and its sacred slime
Are still disturbed by that ungodly race
Of boorish students which infests this place
Of learning, till the groves of Academe
The great pavilion of some circus seem.
Never know we the moment that some frosh
Will be ducked in among us!

DIONYSUS— Now, by Gosh!
Their pranks shall cease. I will not have it so!
These swaggerers in Oskiland must know
That Dionysus is a god. I'll make

The silly Bandarlog's firm knees to quake
With apprehension. I shall bring about
The banishment of all this ruthless rout
Of gay collegians. I am a god,
Let all this campus tremble at my nod.
Rise, rise, ye winds, and you, ye thunders, roll
Far thro' the hills. By my immortal soul
I'll find a plan to worst them. Men shall see
The frogs, my sacred frogs, avenged by me!

[*Wind and thunder heard. Exit* CORYBANTES *by door at extreme left.*]

[*Enter* HAL O'TWELVE *at main door. He wears hose and doublet, is blindfolded, and carries a lantern in his hand.*]

HAL O'TWELVE—

Thus blindfold, with a lantern in my hand,
Upon this empty stage was I to stand
Before these empty benches and recite
An empty verse. What won't a neophyte
Do in this college to be taken in
One more society? Thus I begin:
Twinkle, twinkle, little stella,
Puer loves a fair puella,
She, alas! non amat him,
But a fellow nomen Jim.

[*The frogs rush forward and lead* HAL *to* DIONYSUS *on the run.*]

FROG-KING—

Our chief offender! Often has he gripped
The struggling freshman fore and aft and dipped
Him in our pond. The foe of every frog
Before you stands—Charles Gayley's Bandarlog!

DIONYSUS—

The Bandarlog? How know you it is he
And not another?

FROG-KING [*showing label on* HAL'S *coat*]—

Look you—C. M. G.

THE FROGS [*drawing back and pointing fingers of scorn*]—

Ouff! A worshiper of idols!

IN THE GREEK THEATER

HAL—You people surely get my goat! Hanging onto me with your cold hands and talking all this nonsense. It must be a bum honor society that has an initiation like this! It's worse than a Skull and Key running.

FROG-KING—

Honor society! What does the fellow mean? Come, Dionysus, pronounce your judgment.

DIONYSUS—

Alas! 'Tis not his fault, my loyal frog!

HAL—Old toady, eh?

DIONYSUS— This poor Bandarlog
Is but a product of the times. This land
Lies 'neath the shadow of a mighty hand.
King Ephraim rules this land in jollity,
Giving loose rein to wild frivolity.
King Ephraim is to blame,
For in his name are done these deeds of shame,
And he it is whom we must overwhelm;
King Ephraim must be banished from this realm!

[*Loud talking and laughter of a crowd is heard without.*]

Stand where you are and henceforth speak no word
Of all that here this night your ears have heard.

[*Exit* DIONYSUS *and frogs, right.*]

[*Enter by main door* BILL BARKELEY, MARGARET, ATELE, VIVIAN, *and chorus.*]

[*Enter* ZANTHIUS.]

ZANTHIUS—Ha! A pretty lot you are in them changed dresses. Where's the old Wine-Jug? I puts the donkey out to graze, but faith! says I, there's moonlight in the Greek and, what's more, dancing. "Go back to the Corybantes and enjoy yourself, Zanthius," says I to me, coaxing like. And so the material and physical Zanthius obeying the mental and spiritual Zanthius leaves the material donkey to join the spiritual Corybantes [*low bow*] in the dance. [*To* MARGARET] You're *my* partner in the next!

MARGARET—Must I be? I never saw him before. Does he belong to your society?

BILL BARKELEY—No, he doesn't! Does anybody here know him?

ALL—No!

HAL—Then, get out! [*Lays hands on him.*]

MARGARET—Dŏn't hurt him. He didn't mean any harm.

BILL—Then what did he come here for in that disguise?

ZANTHIUS—I want my old Wine-Jug!

BILL—He's tipsy—put him out! [*They hustle him off the stage.*]

ZANTHIUS—Dionysus! Dionysus! Dionysus! [*Exit* ZANTHIUS.]

VIVIAN—He called for Dionysus. Did you hear him?

MARGARET—Perhaps he is a spirit!

ATELE—I've been told—
That this far Western land wherein we dwell
Harbors the gods of all the ancient world.

VIVIAN—
Only last night our aged House-Mother
Sat dozing in her armchair by the fire;
We were all dancing. As the music stopped
We strolled out on the balcony. Just then
We heard a piercing scream. We all rushed in—
"A spirit!" cried our House-Mother, and grasped
My hand in fear. "Lo! from the fire," said she,
"I saw uprise an old crone dressed in green,
Bent double, fierce of eye, who whispered me,
'Ephraim is joined to idols! Let him not
Anger the Wine-Jug, or he'll lose his power.' "

ATELE—Those were her words. The boys said she had dreamed.

MARGARET—But maybe she *did* see a crone in green!

HAL—Pshaw! Think no more about it. Give us a sing, old Laurels, to drive away these maidens' fears.

BILL—You call me Laurels. Well, I've had a lot of fun in gathering them. [*He sings:*]
Said father unto me:
"Study hard for that degree."
So I bought a student lamp and books galore,
And I studied long and late,
Thinking I should graduate
With half my hours ones and maybe more.

CHORUS—And he studied long and late,
Thinking he should graduate
With half his hours ones and maybe more.

BILL— But one mild autumn day
As I took my weary way
To the reading room, what should I chance to see
But a troupe of fellows gay
In comical array,
Who said that they were loyal Skull and Key.

CHORUS—A troupe of fellows gay, *etc.*

BILL— A great crowd gathered 'round
When they heard that yell resound,
And they watched their foolish pranks till close of day.
Then I knew I'd started wrong,
I had heard the siren's song
And longed for crowns of myrtle and of bay.

[*All dance slowly and statelily an old-time minuet to Mozart's minuet music in* "DON JUAN." (3) *The torch-bearers alone remain at the back of the stage. The music is played very, very softly.* HAL *and* MARGARET *dance together, pausing now and then to watch the rest.*]

MARGARET—
Old silks, old measure grave and slow,
A picture of the long ago,
A picture old we see.
Dim phantoms moving to and fro.
What do they mean to thee?

HAL—Old silks, old measures grave and slow,
Dim phantoms of the long ago,
What do they mean to me?
Bright eyes and young hearts all aglow
And youth's eternity.

MARGARET—
Old music flowing soft and low,
Fair partners, sinking, rising, so,
Bright torches flaring free,
Young cheeks where roses come and go,
What do they mean to thee?

HAL—Old music flowing soft and low,
Fair partners, sinking, rising, so,
What do they mean to me?
That love lives though the ages go,
They loved, and I love thee!

[*Enter* KING EPHRAIM.]

BILL—Hail to thy majesty! Our hearts beat high,
Most jovial monarch, when thou drawest nigh.

HAL—Although we bow our heads and bend our knees
To Jimmy Sutton's terrible decrees,
Although we must obey the grim-faced men
Who execute the orders of King Ben,
Yet in our hearts, O King, it is not these
Whom most we love, whom most we seek to please.
Thou lovest idols, and we love them, too,
And so before all princes we love you!

EPHRAIM—
Such homage warms the cockles of my heart.
I thank you all. Your loving words impart
As much joy as a hogshead of good beer.
All worshipers of idols love good cheer.

BILL—Lo! you are chief of all the idlers here.

EPHRAIM—
Idols and idlers, may they ne'er depart
From Oskiland.

BILL—O King, you need not fear!

[EPHRAIM *gets down from his throne. He and* BILL *sing the following song:*]

EPHRAIM— Idols, idols, will I sing.
BILL— Lo! he is the idol king.
EPHRAIM— Idols, idols, night and day.
BILL— For he goes the idler's way.
EPHRAIM— College customs wax and wane,
BILL— Idols ever shall remain.
EPHRAIM— Idols, idols, great and small,
BILL— Ephraim doth love them all.

EPHRAIM *and* BILL—
Baseball, football, crew, and track,
These shall college never lack;
Ball and prom and glee and hop,
These shall never, never stop;
Operas, debates, and chess,
Love for them shall ne'er grow less.

CHORUS— To idols, idols, we dance and sing,
To idols, idols we e'er shall cling;
Idols, idols we bow before,
Idols now and forevermore!

[*Trumpets sound without. Enter by main door two heralds wearing tabards of blue and gold. Each carries a rolled parchment tied with cords.*]

BILL [*rushing to* HAL]—Saved! Saved! Saved!

HAL—What do you mean?

BILL—Look—two diplomas. We get through, after all! [*Falls on* HAL'S *neck in joy, but looks around with consternation as the heralds unroll the parchments and read as follows:*]

FIRST HERALD—Regent Scholasticus, to all his wise and faithful subjects, greeting. Be it known unto all inhabitants and sojourners in the land of Oski that, whereas our loyal and loving subjects are led more and more by the adoration and worship of vain idols to the harm of profound scholarship and learning: therefore do we this day declare that all worship, tribute, reverence, or genuflection to all or any of the idols of education is hereby forbidden, and we do banish from our dominions herceforth and forever the wicked and pernicious Ephraim.

SECOND HERALD—
And for his idol worship, oft confessed,
Our Regent seeks the seizure and arrest
Of Hal O'Twelve, that soon the Court may give
Its judgment whether he should die or live.

[*The guards step forward and lay heavy chains on* HAL.

EPHRAIM *takes off his crown and places it on his throne.*]

EPHRAIM [*to* BILL]—
Why thus with tearful eyes
Bemoan your hapless fate,
Since "the man worth while
Is the man who will smile"
When he does *not* graduate?

BILL—Ephraim, ah, thank you for them words!

HAL [*to* MARGARET]—Get thee to a sorority! Go! Farewell!

MARGARET—Oh, what a noble idler's here o'erthrown!

[*Exit heralds, guards, and* HAL.]

EPHRAIM [*laying hands on shoulders of his kneeling, moaning subjects*]—

Now, wise and erudite you all shall grow,
Your only aim shall be to learn, to know,
To turn your books, to con your lessons o'er,
Your minds with facts and formulas to store.
Farewell! Farewell! I would be on my way
Ere dawns the pale light of that dismal day!

[*Exit* EPHRAIM, *followed by his attendants and his vacant throne, the ballet girls crowding about him, wringing tears from the skirts with which they wipe their eyes.*]

BILL—No more running up and down the campus—no more athletics, society, or journalism. Our king is gone, and his most loyal subject, Hal O'Twelve!

[*A bell tolls.*]

MARGARET—Hark! The college clock is striking—it is midnight.

BILL—Alas! It is ringing out our days of joy. It tolls because the time of our fun and youthful folly is at an end. Tomorrow's dawn brings with it a great change.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE—*Outside the walls of Gehenna, toward evening of the next day. A guard in armor paces slowly back and forth along the top of the wall. As the lights are turned on for the beginning of the act a chorus of Spanish gypsy girls is discovered dancing.*

GYPSY QUEEN—

Maidens, would you like to know
What the future's hiding,
On what journeys you will go,
Where your true-love's biding?

Gentlemen, shall we tell you
How your ships are laden,
Who it is that loves you true,
How to win a maiden?

[*Enter* KING EPHRAIM.]

GYPSY QUEEN—Your majesty desires ze fortune told?

EPHRAIM—No. I seek the infernal regions of Gehenna. Is this the gate of Gehenna?

GYPSY QUEEN—Aye, that it is.

[*She goes into one of the tents. The Fool, lying on his stomach beside the fire, chats with* NINA *and* PASHA *as they sit preparing supper. The great middle door swings inward—out of a blaze of red-fire the* LORD OF GEHENNA *steps onto the stage. He has horns, a hoof, dark face and hands, and resembles the Pan-Satanic creatures of mediaeval art. On his chest is a white block "S." He carries a trident.*]

LORD OF GEHENNA—

All day I've paced the walls with eager eye,
Waiting to see your royal form draw nigh.
Hail, mighty potentate! Hail, jovial king!
Joy to myself and all my realm you bring.

EPHRAIM—

A truly royal welcome; but you know
Now through the world an exile I must go.
As suppliant I come.

[*Enter* MARGARET *in long cloak with hood attached.*]

LORD OF GEHENNA—Hist! I would not be taken unaware! [*He hides behind one of the tents.*]

MARGARET—Good evening, sir!

EPHRAIM [*with his back turned and cape wrapped about him*]—Good evening.

MARGARET—Do you know where the Gypsy Queen is?

EPHRAIM—Gypsies, ho!

NINA [*starting forward*]—Mother, a preety maiden, come and see!

GYPSY QUEEN [*in doorway of tent*]—What does ze preety maiden want wiz me?

[EPHRAIM *sits down by the fire at the back of the stage.*]

MARGARET—

Are you the famous gypsy queen whose fame
Has traveled lately thro' the land?

GYPSY QUEEN—Ze same, and at your serveece. Is zer not something you'd like to know? Zust tell me what!

MARGARET—

Yes, gypsy, and I've driven all the way
From Oskiland to hear what you would say.
I'm in great woe. My lover, Hal O'Twelve,
Lies in a dungeon while the lawyers delve
In mighty tomes. But let us go away
A space, that none may hear what we shall say.

LORD OF GEHENNA [*stepping out quickly*]—

Stay, lovely Margaret. Ah, well I know
The fiancee of Hal. Is it not so?

MARGARET—

How did you know? I wonder, sir, are you—
Lord—of—Gehenna?

LORD OF GEHENNA— Maiden, 'tis most true.
And I've a plan for you. I will set free
Your lover from his harsh captivity—
Restore him safe to you.

MARGARET—Oh, prince most kind, most noble!

LORD OF GEHENNA—But for one slight favor, mind!

MARGARET—And what is that?

LORD OF GEHENNA—

Once in the palmy days that are no more,
When mighty Oskiland could seldom score
'Gainst mightier Gehenna, when the red
In regal pride all other colors led
On track or field, we had a sharp-edged ax,
Cold, huge, a thing to make our foemen's backs
Creep with the chills of terror. All was well
While we retained the ax and its wild yell.
But one dark day the magic ax was lost.
You know the story, and you know the cost
To this my realm and people. Woeful day!
Now, you'd have Hal O'Twelve released, you say—
Good! Help to get that magic ax for me
And I in turn will set your lover free!

MARGARET—Oh, will you truly?

LORD OF GEHENNA—Yes. Is it a go?

MARGARET—Yes! But—let me think—I do not know
What *he* would think. *Our ax, the ax*—No, no!
Better he hang and I die by this hand
Than that the ax depart from Oskiland!

LORD OF GEHENNA [*changing from suavity to rage*]—
I'll throw you in Gehenna's dungeons cold,
There to consider these rash words so bold!

[*He seizes her by the wrists—she attempts to pull away.*]

MARGARET [*to* EPHRAIM]—Help! Help me, sir!

EPHRAIM [*rising to his feet*]—
She often took my part in Oskiland—I'll help her.

[*To* LORD OF GEHENNA:]
Fiend thou art! To think that I, in trouble, came to *thee!*

LORD OF GEHENNA—
But she shall not go back and laugh at me.
I'll call my cohorts. This night she shall sleep
Down in my lowest, darkest dungeon-keep!

[*The* LORD OF GEHENNA *exits by main door, rushing out.*]

MARGARET—Ephraim!

EPHRAIM—Quick! Quick! Your cloak! Speed back to Oskiland!
I'll cope with Satan and his wicked band.

MARGARET—No, no—you shall not.

EPHRAIM— But I *will.*
Haste! Trust to me. I shall receive no ill.
And you, Sir Fool, go with her. Tell my friends
I'm coming back, although my life depends
Upon my absence. For I'd rather own
A tombtsone there than here to have a throne.

[MARGARET *changes her red cloak for* EPHRAIM'S *black one. She* and the FOOL *hasten out by right exit.* EPHRAIM *seats himself by the fire enveloped in* MARGARET'S *cloak.*]

[*Enter* LORD OF GEHENNA *and a host of red devils with white "S"es on their chests. They enter by the main entrance in a glow of red-fire burned behind the doors. The* LORD OF GEHENNA *rushes in first, in a wild abandon of frenzied laughter.*]

LORD OF GEHENNA—Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
There sits the maid beside the gypsies' fire
Who thought to thwart Gehenna in his ire!
Show her our dungeons and our cruel racks,

Then she'll consent to help me get my ax.
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Gehenna then shall rise
In triumph crowned with gladness in her eyes,
Strength in her arms—restored in all her powers!
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! When once the ax is ours!

[*Seven devils join hands and dance in a circle about* EPHRAIM. *Over the stage other circles join and break, join and break, as they sing the following song:*]

O happy, happy day
When we shall join the fray
In battle line against our ancient foes!
For they shall turn their backs
When once again the ax
Before our stalwart ranks in triumph goes.
For we'll give 'em the ax. Where? Where?
Right in the neck, the neck! There! There!
And sadly, sadly will our foemen fare.
For we'll give 'em the ax. Where? Where?
Right in the neck.
Right in the neck.
Right in the neck. There!

[*As they end the song the devils around* EPHRAIM *lay hands upon him, but he jumps up wildly—whirls about in a pirouette, with clenched fists in the air, shouts "Boo! Boo! Boo!" in their faces and, kicking his heels in the air, rushes out at the right, like one possessed. The* LORD OF GEHENNA *draws his sword and starts after him, but the devils hold him back in alarm.*]

FIRST DEVIL—You shall not go. 'Tis Hecate or some dire spirit that has thus changed form.

LORD OF GEHENNA—Let me go, I say! It's Ephraim—Ephraim the idol king. He has deceived me.

SECOND DEVIL—The apparition has driven him insane. Hold him. Hold him fast.

LORD OF GEHENNA—Fools! Fools! When I went in to call you *she* left—*he* put on her cloak. But let him go—for there's no use to follow now—the girl's well on the way to Oskiland and already it grows dark. Fools!

FIRST DEVIL—Sire, we crave your pardon!

SECOND DEVIL—Our thought was all for you, sire.

FIRST DEVIL—Command us what you will—we shall obey.

SECOND DEVIL—What must we do?

LORD OF GEHENNA—

Tomorrow morn let all in order stand
Ready to march at once on Oskiland,
Where our embattled cohorts shall upturn
Their ramparts, win the ax for which we burn,
And thence return in triumph! Day grows dim,
But let us rouse our hearts—once more the battle-hymn!

ALL [*sing*]—O happy, happy day
When we shall join the fray, *etc.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE—*The Hall of Judgment in Oskiland. To the left, against the wall, is a canopied seat for the judge, also seats for a jury. Although these seats are still vacant, there is a large crowd of tradespeople on the stage.*]

BAILIFF—Order in court! Order in court, I say! His Honor comes. Silence! Stand back! Make way!

[*Enter* REGENT SCHOLASTICUS *in full judicial robes and big wig. He has on a long, pointed false nose, large rimmed spectacles, and is very stooped. Following him comes* SIR PEDANT-PEDANT, *the prosecuting barrister. Then twelve female jurors in cap and gown—very scholarly and severe looking. They wear Masters' hoods and Phi Beta Kappa keys of huge dimensions. Following them comes* HAL O'TWELVE *between two spearmen. His neck and wrists are locked in a square wooden stock. Last of all comes the* LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER *in red robes, carrying a huge butcher's cleaver.*]

DIONYSUS—He who laughs last laughs best. Now watch and see
If these wise jurors ever set Hal free.
Not on your life!

BAILIFF— Silence in court, I say!

SCHOLASTICUS—The court takes legal cognizance this day
Of a high crime and misdemeanor done
Against our rule. Let every loyal son
Of Alma Mater hear the indictment! Read!

CLERK OF THE COURT—According to our rigid laws decreed
In solemn council, charge is hereby brought
'Gainst Hal O'Twelve for having planned and sought
The overthrow of old-time pedantry
By worship of vain idols. Let him be
Tried by the court, and if his guilt be proved
Let his vain head be speedily—removed.

SCHOLASTICUS—Take off the stocks, but let the chains remain. [*The guards do so.*] [*To* HAL:] Sir, you have heard the charge.

SIR PEDANT-PEDANT [*in high-pitched, squeaky voice*]—Its words are plain. Its truth is plainer still.

SCHOLASTICUS—Sir, do you plead guilty or no?

HAL—To erudition I make no pretense,
And I admit I've known old Ephraim well;
And often, led by the alluring spell
Of college idols, I have followed them.
But is it just you therefore should condemn
My acts as crimes? Not guilty, then, I plead.

[*Murmurs and applause.*]

BAILIFF—Order in court!

SCHOLASTICUS— Then let the trial proceed.
Sir Pedant-Pedant, learned in the laws,
Bring forth your proofs in this important cause.

SIR PEDANT-PEDANT—
Hear, then, O judge, and do you lend your ears,
Most honored jurors, for it here appears
In this wise book that See 'Em Sadly wrote,
That doctor of the laws and man of note,
Just what a trifler—just what sort of man
This Hal O'Twelve is. Hear ye then the plan
And programme of his daily life and work.

[*He reads from a large tome:*] "The Bandarlog is with us. Running up and down the campus for ephemeral items for ephemeral articles in ephemeral papers, running up and down in college politics, making tickets, pulling wires, adjusting combinations, canvassing for votes—canvassing the girls for votes, spending hours at sorority houses for votes—spending hours at sorority houses for sentiment—talking rubbish, thinking rubbish—rubbish about high

jinks—rubbish about low—rubbish about rallies—what margin of leisure is left for study? The Bandarlog must go!"

Such is his life—vain, purposeless, and wild—
Dame Folly's trifling, wayward, foolish child!

[*Enter* MARGARET *supported by* ATELE *and* VIVIAN, *followed by five sorority sisters. At the same time enter* BILL BARKELEY *with seven fraternity brothers. The girls wear pretty evening dresses of the latest fashion, over which are worn nuns' costumes of soft white nuns veiling. The men have on dress suits, over which they wear the clothes of monks. As the curtains of the main entrance are drawn back,* MARGARET *pauses in the doorway. All eyes turn toward her. A murmur goes through the crowd.*]

BAILIFF—Silence in court!

SCHOLASTICUS— Maid, why come you here
With train attendant? Meager, meager cheer
Will Hal's friends find in this grim judgment place.

MARGARET [*slowly*]—
Once more to hear his voice, to see his face,
After a night of vigil and of prayer!

SCHOLASTICUS—And if the fellow's put to death, why care?
Why waste affection on a Bandar-log?

DIONYSUS—An angel seeking an impounded dog!

SIR PEDANT-PEDANT—
Your Honor, 'tis by my express command
That these fraternal triflers are at hand.
They've been subpœnaed that all here might know
Just how these silly social follies go.
You of the nunnery of St. Kappa Phi,
And you, the brethren of St. Beta Psi,
I do command in court here to rehearse
That waltz song, with its silly, trifling verse,
Which lately in your opera you sung.

BILL BARKELEY—
Altho' for Hal our hearts with grief are wrung
We must obey.

MARGARET—Perhaps we ne'er shall dance in Oskiland again.

SCHOLASTICUS—
Now let Hal speak. For, tho' his guilt be plain,
Without due form we would see no man slain.

HAL—I make no plea. You all know very well
My history, and if it be your wish
To take my life for what I here have done
There is no power to stay you. I submit.
Yet oh! believe, 'twas all with good intent—
Not all for hate of learning and not all
For love of glory. No, I do not know
Giotto's circle, Botticelli's spring,
Hymettus or the Seven Against Thebes
Or even Gargantua. But all these joys,
These things you call vain idols—these I know
And love. And I would far, far rather be
The lowliest freshman at his first big rally
Than the most wise and learned Ph. D.
If so I might have with me such true friends
As I have made in following old Ephraim
And worshiping his idols. That is all.

SCHOLASTICUS—Would any other plead in Hal's defense?

MARGARET [*sings*]—
O jurors, hear a simple maiden's plea.
I love this Hal O'Twelve. He loveth me.
O spare us. Life is new and love is young.
Let not our loving hearts with woe be wrung.
For youth is sweet and all too brief its stay.
O send me not in bitter tears away!

[*Speaks:*] I do beseech you all, have mercy, mercy on——

[*Enter a messenger at door on extreme left. He begins his speech as he runs across the stage toward* SCHOLASTICUS.]

MESSENGER—To arms! To arms! O men and comrades all!
Sound the alarum. Let the trumpets call
The sons of Oskiland.

SCHOLASTICUS— What does this mean—
This rude intrusion on our solemn scene?
Out with him, bailiff!

[*The tradespeople are in confusion.*]

BAILIFF— Order in court, I say!
Guards, put this man in chains.

MESSENGER [*still breathless*]— No! No! I pray.
But hear me! Hear me! From Gehenna comes
Satan and all his hosts with roll of drums
And flash of linked mail. They even now
Are at the gates of Oskiland, and vow
To take the ax—our honored ax—away.

ALL—The ax? The ax?

MESSENGER— Yes; only come with me.
Come, follow to the battlements and see.

[*All rush out at all the doors, leaving the officers of the court,* HAL, MARGARET, *and the "nuns."*]

SCHOLASTICUS—When once they get the ax they will withdraw,
They'll not disturb us or our court of law.
So let the trial proceed.

SIR PEDANT-PEDANT— You have, sir, here
A sample of the way these students veer
With every wind that blows.

HAL— O let me go
And join the fight against our ancient foe!

[*Enter* BILL BARKELEY.]

BILL—Gehenna's hosts storm at the southern gate,
Soon it will fall. Oh, ere it is too late,
Let Hal O'Twelve come cheer our forces on.

SCHOLASTICUS—When once they get the ax they will withdraw.
They'll not disturb us scholars. So begone!
Break not again into this court of law!

[*Exit* BILL. *Enter* FIRST LOIDY, *screaming.*]

FIRST LOIDY—Panic runs thro' the lines, our troops give way,
Ephraim's come back and helps them in the fray—
A staunch old hero—but they all cry out
For Hal O'Twelve to lead them!

[*Exit* LOIDY.]

SIR PEDANT-PEDANT— Hark! A shout!
Gehenna's battle cry!

[*Mingled shouts heard, with undertone of "S-t-a-n-f-o-r-d," etc.*]

SCHOLASTICUS [*to* BAILIFF]—Go close the doors
That we may not be bothered by wild roars
And interrupting messengers——

[*The shouts and clash of arms grow louder. Enter* MESSENGER.]

MESSENGER—
The foe draw near. "Lay waste the land!" they shout,
"Teachers and students, put them all to rout—
Slay, burn, and kill! Scholasticus!" they cry,
"Hang old Scholasticus! Let him swing high!"

SCHOLASTICUS—Alas! Alas! Whatever shall we do?
Go help them, Executioner, and you,
Brave guards—Sir Pedant-Pedant, too!
And you go cheer them, jurors. Go! I say,
Go! Go!

[*They all stand still.*]
Cowards! Will no one join the fray?

[*The shouting again heard.*]

MARGARET—Come, let us forth—for maybe we can aid
With hands or voices to repulse this raid.

[*Exit* MARGARET *and nuns.*] [*Enter* BILL BARKELEY.]

BILL—Back and ever back our fighters fall,
The battle rages now around this hall.

SCHOLASTICUS—Will no one save us? [*turning about in distraction*] No one? No!

BILL—Oh, sir, I do beseech you, let Hal go!

SCHOLASTICUS—Unchain him, then!

HAL— Forever to be free?

SCHOLASTICUS—Aye, aye, if you will save these men and me!

[*Exit* HAL *and* BILL BARKELEY.]
O ancient pedantry, forgive my sin!
I have betrayed thy cause!

SIR PEDANT-PEDANT— If our men win
We can renew the trial.

SCHOLASTICUS— Ah, no! Ah, no!
What's done is done. Once having let him go
We can't recapture him again. Ah, me!

[*Once more the roar of conflict. All huddle together in terror.*]

SIR PEDANT-PEDANT—Go, bailiff, go, and tell us what you see.

BAILIFF—Some one else go. That's not a thing for me.

SCHOLASTICUS—Alas! alas! I see the outcome plain,
They'll soon break in and we shall all be slain.

SIR PEDANT-PEDANT—
Ye gods! Now do I know the trembling fear
That seizes men at ex-time, and next year
I shall abolish, if I am alive
"Strength of Materials" and "Physics V."

[MARGARET *enters.*]

MARGARET [*in exultation*]—He comes! He comes!

ALL [*in terror*]—Who comes?

[HAL *appears in main doorway with a shield, a sword, and earth-soiled clothes and face.*]

HAL—Fear not. Good news! Gehenna's lord is taken—
Half his troops slain—the rest have all forsaken.
Ephraim hath captured him!

SCHOLASTICUS— Then evermore
Let old King Ephraim rule our Western shore!

FINALE.

California! Banners bold
'Round about thy throne unfold
When the trumpets call to battle
The Knights of the Blue and Gold.
California! Strong and true,
Thy sons by thousands rise
And when they fail
The golden sun shall pale
And fall from the heavens blue.

THE END.

PARTHENEIA

THE PARTHENEIA

The most notable achievement of the students of the University of California in 1912 was the presentation of *The Partheneia, a Masque of Maidenhood,* by Miss Anna Reardon, a senior in the College of Letters. This spectacle, wrought with delicate symbolical consistency, to represent the transition from girlhood to womanhood, the sorrow and the hope, came like quiet magic to the little band of enthusiasts, assembled by Miss Lucy Sprague, Dean of Women, as judges of a competition designed to stimulate the women students of the University in the production of some dramatic spectacle to be fulfilled with beauty and informed with memorial ritual. It is enough to say that Miss Reardon's scenario silenced on the lips of the most academic the epithet, "undergraduate."

Under the spell of Miss Sprague's superb energy and dramatic enthusiasm, and with the rare help of Mr. Porter Garnett's versatile technique in plays out of doors, the women students united in a delightful spirit of creative sympathy.

By a gray altar under the low-boughed oaks, "at the quiet colored end of the afternoon," the parti-colored apparitions streamed in: Maidenhood, the regal guardian, in blue, "helmeted in shining bronze," girls who entered in laughter and play to find sorrow in the reality of life, but to learn tempered joy under the ministrations of Nobility, Joy-in-Life, and Service; Hope, with her arms full of white flowers, Dryads from the grove of eucalyptus trees beyond; water-sprites leaping up from the deep bed of the stream that loitered by; buttercups, cyclamen, columbine, trillium, poppy, stealing from the shelter of the leaf-spirits; Light flashing in with her gorgeous retinue. As the gay concourse thronged from the scene in joyous procession, the last shaft of the sun followed the last retreating figure, Light.

PERSONS OF THE MASQUE

THE MAIDENS

THE SPIRIT OF MAIDENHOOD

HOPE

EUCALYPTUS DRYADS

FOG SPIRITS

SEA-BREEZES

EARTH SPIRITS

RAIN SPIRITS

LEAF SPIRITS

FLOWER SPIRITS

WATER-SPRITES

SPIRITS OF THE PAST

- ANTIGONE
- UNA
- SAINT ELIZABETH
- BEATRICE
- JOAN OF ARC
- LADY JANE GRAY

SPIRITS OF ENDEAVOR

SPIRITS OF IDEALS

- NOBILITY
- JOY-IN-LIFE
- SERVICE

THE SPIRIT OF LIGHT

Attendants of NOBILITY, Attendants of JOY-IN-LIFE,
Attendants of SERVICE, Attendants of THE SPIRIT OF LIGHT

TIME.—*An Afternoon in Spring.*

PLACE.—*A Grove of Oak and Eucalyptus.*

The titles of the various compositions by MacDowell employed in the masque are inserted in the margin at the points where they occur in the action.

SCENE.—*In an open, grassy spot under great, low-boughed oaks, an altar stands, its gray stones warmly dappled by the afternoon sunshine streaming through the trees. Half-encircling the place, a little stream murmurs between high banks edged with wild vines and young growth. Beyond the stream stands a grove of eucalyptus trees, their trunks bare and gleaming in long, straight aisles, their swaying tops of duller, paler green rising above the oaks in delicate tracery against the sky.*

This Prelude consists of an arrangement for orchestra of parts of "The Joy of Autumn," of the second movement of the "Keltic Sonata," and "Mid-Summer."

The sound of unseen viols is heard, making a music that continues for some time without interruption. At last, still to its accompaniment, a stately, quiet figure is seen approaching among the trees. She is clad in royal blue; an aegis gleams on her breast; helmeted in shining bronze she walks, and as she stops under an oak near the altar, the music ceases and she speaks.

THE SPIRIT OF MAIDENHOOD

Propitious be your words before these rites
That signify my high divinity:
For I am she who with Nausicaa,
Upon Phaeacian sands, sang with the waves
And blithe Atalanta called afar. My name
Has sounded thro' the ages, but my name
Is not immortal. It is I, myself,
Called whatso-e'er the tongues of men have shaped
For that thing loveliest for which they hold
A temple pure within their hearts unnamed—
The temple of the soul of maidenhood.

Into a garden did I fare one day;
It lay within the sunset, and beneath
Low-branching trees an ancient altar stood.
Around about it wandered young maids and wept.
I cried to them, "What! are ye weeping now?
Where are the playthings ye with laughter tossed
All day, when bluff old Herakles was young?"
Gazed they at me with cold, tear-gleaming eyes. . . .
"There are no gods!" they cried. "Olympus high
Has faded like those sunset clouds away,
And we have seen the weary butterfly

Pant for an instant and lie still beneath
The never-faltering, unseen hand of Death.
See, on that altar with your youth it rests
And we have learned how sorrow never dies—
Waxes and wanes eternally. Ah me!
All, all is woe forever!" and they wept.
I laughed and spake, "This altar shall be mine,
And in this hour ye are mine indeed."
Then sent I my fleet handmaid, clear-eyed Hope,
Who beareth all tomorrows in her arms,
To soothe their desolation, and she called
The spirits of the world who love my name
To minister unto these maids of mine.
Nature sent all the spirits of the land
To dance among them and my altar dress;
Persephone unbarred her gates and thence
Came spirits of the Past—a princess grave
With proud, obedient head, and peasant girl
In mail who crowned a king, and many more
The maidens saw with dreaming, kindled eyes.
Ambitions, too, there came with laurel crowns—
Meet prize for eager promises of youth.
Then came my chiefest maidens who are each
Of me a part, Nobility, who walks
Serene in saintly calm, and Joy-in-Life
Whose other name is Love. Between them came
Service, the dearest of them all, and she,
With tender, skillful fingers fashioning
One symbol from their twofold gift, did thus
Bestow it, smiling gently at her task.
So was the altar dressed, the maidens crowned—
Girt with the symbols of Nobility,
And Joy-in-Life by Service—and they knelt,
Possessed of all the essences from which
I sprang in the first dawn of things. But one
More needful spirit came ere they could pass
Victoriously into womanhood.
From my great sire she came, being his alone
In beauty to bestow. Through forest aisles,
With her attendants, dancing, came she near.

She lit the altar, and her followers all
Kindled their unlit torches at its fire;
And each one to a maiden gave her torch,
And every maid rose into womanhood.
They stood upon their feet, and as they felt
The glory that the world and all it holds
Possesses for the newly awakened soul,
They all began to move in stately dance,
Passing their torches round from hand to hand.
Thus was my altar honored.
When each spring
Brings all the promise of the seed to flower,
Nursed long of sun and rain and ocean wind,
My altar flames anew.

Propitious be your words, O ye my people
Who have within your hearts my temple pure,
Propitious be your words before my rites—
I am the soul of maidenhood.

"Across the Fields."

As the SPIRIT OF MAIDENHOOD *speaks the last words, a joyous melody begins and a company of maidens suddenly runs into view at some distance away among the trees. With flying hair and light feet they come rapidly forward, laughing and uttering shouts of joy. The* SPIRIT OF MAIDENHOOD *remains standing under her oak, whence she views all that follows. As the laughing girls burst into the place of the altar the music gradually dies away, and some of them begin to toss about a great iridescent ball. It is a magic ball and those who toss it unfalteringly laugh their days away under the spell of childhood, blind to death, heedless of sorrow. Yet, while they are playing, music begins softly and the sound of singing is wafted from the grove beyond the brook. It is the voices of the* EUCALYPTUS DRYADS *and they sing a melody like the wailing of the wind in their treetops. After the first few measures of their song the dryads may be vaguely seen moving about among the trees, although their eucalyptus-colored robes render them almost invisible amid their surroundings.*

THE SONG OF SORROW

EUCALYPTUS DRYADS

(AIR: Cantabile from *"Scotch Poem."*)

Sang our flowers with the breeze,
Dancing together,
Mocking the moaning seas,
"Youth is eternal."

Roving winds came in the night,
Stole their youth from them. . . .

Deep in our hearts we hold
Treasured a secret—
What the wild sea-winds told—
"Sweetest is Sorrow.
She is eternal."

But the MAIDENS, *still tossing the ball, seem unconscious of the sound until, with the last words and the name of Sorrow, the spell is broken, the ball slips from their fingers and is shattered upon the ground. Some of them who have seen it fall kneel with low cries and gather the fragments. Others have caught sight of a dead butterfly lying with bent, stiff wings upon the grass, and they lift it sorrowfully and lay it with the broken ball, which their sisters have placed upon the altar. Melancholy music is now heard and to its accompaniment they move with heads drooping and feet weary in the direction whence they came, and disappear.* "Epilogue."

As they vanish, the EUCALYPTUS DRYADS, *who have been standing in attentive silence since their song, steal out from among their trees and cross the brook. They enter the open space, singing their plaintive song, and now their robes of mingled grays and greens touched with dull blue and rose, the garlands of leaves they wear, and the wreaths upon their heads may be plainly seen. The musical accompaniment finally merges into a slow dance rhythm and the tree-spirits move to its measures.*

"The Dance of the Dryads."

THE DANCE OF THE EUCALYPTUS DRYADS

When their dance is ended the EUCALYPTUS DRYADS *withdraw, crossing the brook again and regaining the grove. There, among the trees that edge the farther bank of the stream, some recline, others stand beside the trunks, preserving these positions throughout the remainder of the action.*

Epilogue."

The music again changes to the same melancholy strain to which the MAIDENS *left the glade. Soon they appear returning through the trees. They walk slowly now; their hair is no longer unbound, and their gowns cling sedately about their ankles. They are led by one who bears her head high, an undaunted smile upon her lips and in her far-gazing eyes. She is clad as are the* MAIDENS *in white and her arms are full of white flowers. It is* HOPE, *but, though she leads the* MAIDENS *they are still forlorn, and when they reach the place of the altar they sink disconsolately upon the ground.* HOPE *passes among them, looking down upon them compassionately. Music is heard, and she sings a slumber song.*

THE SONG OF HOPE

(AIR: *"To a Wild Rose"*)

All the dawns that shall be
  Lie like half-closed flowers,
  Dewy from dark hours,
Waiting for thee.

Thro' the great starless night
  Sleep and I soft treading—
  Fragrance shedding—
Lull thee till light.

Winds at last, blowing cold,
  Whisper low of daybreak;
  All my dawnflowers wake
Showering their gold.

Close thy drowsy eyes,
  Fairy dreams I bring thee,
Age-old lullabies,
  Forest-crooned, I'll sing thee,
  Softer, slower, sing thee.
    Sleep....Sleep till dawn.

During an interval in the song the music continues, and HOPE, *making her way among the* MAIDENS, *lets fall flowered branches upon the grass beside them. When the song is ended she continues to give of her armful until near each sleeping maiden a spray of flowers lies. She then takes her place on an elevation behind the altar, where, like some mighty priestess, she summons to her the spirits who shall minister to the* MAIDENS *and shall bestow upon them a life that is truer and fuller than that for which they mourn in vain.*

HOPE

I, priestess of this altar gray, summon you in the name of maidenhood, ye spirits of the lovely world. Come, waken to its perfect loveliness these maidens, for but now they played as children, and, like children bewildered in the dark, they sobbed for dreams that were not and for woes to come.

They sleep, wise Nature, till thy servitors shall come with tender touch to waken them—the mist and wind; the sun, the rain, the faint wet fragrance of the spring.

They sleep till thou, Persephone, shalt open wide thy gates and thence shall steal sweet perfumes long forgot, and, one by one, maidens these centuries vanished from the world, who sit about thy throne weaving strange fantasies for poet-dreams, shall step, their feet in fairy silence shod, across the grass to waken them.

They sleep until yearning for utterance begins to stir within them and they strive to shape in unaccustomed accents all the marvels that well up within their souls, but stammeringly like infants who but hint of all the wonderment their wide eyes tell. And if for some perchance the lips a little sooner gain a skill in true expression, and a clearer speech be granted, then, for them let Victory's maidens come with laurel crowns, sweet in assurance that their faltering words are heard.

But, lest their eyes alone are gratified with beauty and lest the sweet sound that their lips have made beguile them to a foolish worship of the instrument while the great end, still unattained, neglected lies—come ye who wait upon the genius of this altar and are ever where her glory is, Nobility and Joy-in-Life, ye twain whose beauty incomplete, imperfect is save when ye walk together and with you your sister Service, whose deft hands make all the world more fair. Bestow on them the symbols of your

presence that they, pure, free, and joyous, yet with a sweet humility, may walk the earth. Come ye then swiftly, spirits of this lovely world! Wake to its loveliness these maidens whom I serve.

The various spirits that appear in the ensuing episodes—the Spirits of Nature and of the Past, the Spirits of Endeavor and of Ideals—respond each in turn to the summons of HOPE. *They go among the sleeping* MAIDENS, *some brushing them with a flying robe as they dance, some bending to touch them with a gentle hand. They pass the altar and each leaves thereon a symbol of her essence—a shred of a* FOG SPIRIT'S *cloak of mist, an* EARTH SPIRIT'S *handful of red clay, the leaf or flower of a spirit of the spring.*

HOPE *has scarcely ceased speaking when in the distance a great bank of fog is seen sweeping nearer and nearer. Hooded and cloaked in dull gray, the* FOG SPIRITS *move forward in undulating masses, their garments billowing about them.*

DANCE OF THE FOG SPIRITS

"From a Wandering Iceberg."

Suddenly, SEA-BREEZES, *all in blue and white, with flying hair, enter, running at full speed. They dart in and out among the* FOG SPIRITS, *twitching at their gray cloaks and revealing here and there glimpses of sunlight yellow. Soon, however, before the importunings of the* SEA-BREEZES, *the* FOG SPIRITS *fling back their cloaks and stand transformed, sunlight glowing in the bright inner folds of their cloaks and gleaming from their golden breasts.*

"Indian Idyl."

The FOG SPIRITS *and* SEA BREEZES *finally withdraw to the confines of the open space into which enter the spirits of the hot, dry earth in summertime—the* EARTH SPIRITS. *These are like Indian girls, dark and sun-burnished; they are clad in dull red blankets, copper glinting from their arms and ankles, and great earthen pots upon their shoulders. They pass among the* MAIDENS, *walking rhythmically to the accompaniment of music, and as each approaches the altar she casts upon it a handful of earth. They finally withdraw from the central space as did their predecessors.*

The spirits of the fog and of the wind and of the sun-baked earth are of the Californian summertime. Those that follow are of the winter from which subtly the spring emerges. These spirits

bring with them the drip of rain, the murmur of renewed brooks, the rustle of saplings, and the moist, warm breath of fresh-turned earth and springing grass.

"Shadow Dance."

The first to appear are the RAIN SPIRITS. *Their long, clinging robes are of misty green, the green of leaves and grasses seen through steadily falling sheets of rain. From their outstretched arms hang strands of glittering raindrops. To a murmuring accompaniment of music they move in long lines backward and forward around the altar and among the* MAIDENS, *and then they, too, withdraw to where the other spirits are assembled.*

On the very heels of these spirits of winter, the spirits of Californian springtime come dancing in. The first of these are the spirits who care for the new green leaves, unfold the fresh foliage of the shoots of oak and bay, or creep among the grasses and show them how to grow tall and graceful. These LEAF SPIRITS *are garmented in different shades of tender and bright green, and they are decked with leaves and wear wreaths upon their heads. As they approach, their ranks open and a number of* FLOWER SPIRITS *run out. Each of these is garlanded and crowned with her own blossoms—buttercup, cyclamen, brodiaea, columbine, trillium, poppy—and bears a basketful from which she tosses flowers about among the* MAIDENS *and upon the altar. Now, up from the brook, come scores of* WATER-SPRITES—*little merry nymphs with lush water-plants hanging in their long hair and in the soft folds of their green and silver draperies. Holding aloft their bare arms, with strands of water-plants in their hands, they move in a great semi-circle encompassing the scene. Behind them stand the* RAIN SPIRITS; *in front of them the* LEAF SPIRITS *move rhythmically, and among the* LEAF SPIRITS *the* WATER-SPRITES *weave in and out. In the center the* FLOWER SPIRITS *in their brilliant costumes dance gayly and fling blossoms about them until their baskets are empty.*

"By a Meadow Brook."

"Alla Tarantella."

THE DANCE OF THE SPIRITS OF SPRING

When the FLOWER SPIRITS *finally cease dancing, they, with the* LEAF SPIRITS, *the* WATER-SPRITES, *and the* RAIN SPIRITS, *withdraw to where the other spirits stand.*

The music, which has been continuous during the entrances and dances of the spirits of Nature, now ceases as the spirits of the Past come in answer to the summons of HOPE. *These are the*

women who have lived and left in legend, romance, and history their names to stand for the virtues of maidenhood, self-sacrifice, valor, and that pure fragrance of the soul which haunts the memory even through the centuries of strife between.

Parts of the Prelude will be repeated during this episode.

The first to come is Theban ANTIGONE *in mourning robes, bearing the jar of milk and wine and honey with which she fulfilled the unrecorded law of ritual for the dead and in recompense went to abide with them forever. Her face is calm now and unafraid, and as she nears the altar she tips her emphora so that a few drops fall upon it.*

Next UNA *comes,* UNA *who walked inviolate the treacherous paths of the world because her heart was pure. She holds in her hand a sphere of crystal, which she places on the altar.*

Then SAINT ELIZABETH, *who counted not even her own soul of importance in her shy service of the unhappy, and whom therefore the angels heard and made her lie a truth. She comes with arms full of red roses, and some she leaves upon the altar as she passes it.*

BEATRICE, *too, appears, on whose face there seems a strange divinity for all the eloquence that love of her kindled in a poet's heart. Her gown is of the "subdued and goodly crimson" that he found so fitting a habit for her beauty, and in her hand she carries a white lily, which she places with* ELIZABETH'S *roses.*

Among the trees there is a glint of armor and the ripple of a snowy banner gold-embroidered, for JOAN OF ARC *approaches mounted upon a white horse caparisoned in gold. She looks the warrior maiden that she lived and died; yet her offering is no sword of mystic origin nor spurs that glimmered ghostly on the high altar in the chill eve of her knighthood, but a little branch of that beech-tree beneath which she dreamed dreams and saw visions among her grazing sheep.*

Last of all the spirits of the Past comes the LADY JANE GREY. *One hand holds lovingly against her breast some old chronicle wherein she was wont to find her fairest kingdom, with the other she slips from around her neck a golden chain and lays that on the altar as her gift.*

The spirits of the Past withdraw and now eight figures enter the place of the altar walking together. They are all clad in purple robes and their hair is bound with golden fillets. On their

arms are laurel crowns for they are the embodiment of successful achievement—the SPIRITS OF ENDEAVOR. *They single out from among the reclining* MAIDENS *those who most find favor in their eyes. One bestows a wreath upon her who has shown herself the first in scholarly attainment. Others crown those who have displayed most proficiency in art, in music, and in dramatic interpretation. In letters, poetry, prose literature, and drama are likewise honored; and the skill in bearing among one's fellows by the exercise of which the many attain a unity in achievement, that, too, holds a place among the high aims which the* MAIDENS *have grown to realize.*

Now three stately figures are seen approaching, each with her attendants. One is clad in blue, as is her following; she represents nobility, purity, virginity. With her comes another clad in the color of gold. She is the joy and richness of life. Between NOBILITY *and* JOY-IN-LIFE *and slightly behind them, for she "vaunteth not herself," walks one in brown, and she is* SERVICE. *The three, each ennobled by her sister's presence, proceed in and out among the* MAIDENS, *who are by this time upon their knees. Finally the maidens of* SERVICE *unbind from the followers of* NOBILITY *their scarfs of blue and from the followers of* JOY-IN-LIFE *their scarfs of gold. Waving these about them, the attendants of* SERVICE *perform a dance.*

"Waldfahrt."

THE DANCE OF THE SCARFS

When the dance is concluded the attendants of SERVICE *bind on each of the kneeling* MAIDENS *a scarf of blue and one of gold. They then withdraw with* SERVICE *at their head, as do* NOBILITY *and* JOY-IN-LIFE *with their followers.*

The SPIRIT OF MAIDENHOOD *who, since she with words initiated the action, has stood silently surveying the rites that paid her honor, advances a few steps and herself utters an invocation to the last spirit whose presence is needful to breathe life into the ceremony—the* SPIRIT OF LIGHT.